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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review*

A DROP of 116,000 in the total of the registered unemployed for the four weeks ended March 17th is welcome news. This is partly accounted for, it is true, by normal seasonal improvement, but not wholly; the corresponding drop last year was only 80,000. The increase of employment extends to practically all industries, and is most marked in building, clothing and the distributive trades. The only important exception is in wool and worsted, where there is a slight decline. Unhappily, there still remain 2,200,000 on the register, about 42 per cent. of these being on benefit and 44 per cent. transitional cases. No fewer than 435,000 have been out of work continuously for twelve months or more. Nor is the improvement spread evenly over the country. The black spots are only a shade less black. Wales shows over 34 per cent. of unemployment, and the distressed areas in the industrial north still present their appalling problem. In Jarrow nearly three-quarters of the insured workers are workless.

Juvenile Unemployment

One lamentable feature of the situation is the mass of juvenile unemployment. Mr. Penlington, of the National Union of Teachers, spoke none too strongly the other day about the problem of these 200,000 boys and girls between fourteen and eighteen who are kicking their heels in enforced idleness. Though, as he said, the position may be gradually improving for the fourteen to sixteen year old group, it is worsening for the sixteen to eighteen. Among the remedies for this mischief the raising of the school age stands first, as every educationist and every sensible layman knows. Professor Tawney, in a pamphlet just published by the W.E.A. (*The School Leaving Age and Juvenile Unemployment*, 3*d*.), argues powerfully, as he has argued before, for this urgent reform. It is a reform demanded alike on economic and on educational grounds, and the delay in carrying it out is one of the falsest of our false national economies. "It used to be said," writes Professor Tawney, "that in turning children into the labour market at fourteen we are cutting crops in spring. What we are doing now is to cut the crops and then let them rot."

The Budget Struggle in France

While Mr. Chamberlain is revelling in his surplus, the French Finance Minister is struggling with a deficit of something like four thousand million francs. The balancing of the Budget in such circumstances must be a desperate task, and the proposals of the Doumergue Government may end in another of the crises that have become so familiar of late. The civil servants, whose name is legion in France, are to suffer still further cuts in

their pay. There are to be cuts, too, in various pensions, and a large reduction of personnel in the public service. Vigorous resistance is promised by the victims of these economies. A general strike on May 1st has been decided upon by the civil servants' organisation, and if it comes off it may rally to its support a number of industrial workers. The Government's hope is that if they cannot placate the opposition within the next few weeks they may at least make sufficient preparations to meet the trouble. But their difficulties are enormously enhanced by the general *malaise* resulting from the Stavisky affair, and the license it has given to subverters of the peace. Only a day or two ago M. Maurras was openly appealing in the columns of the *Action Française* for millions of francs with which to arm the Royalists.

The Religious Wars in Germany

Easter has seen a sharpening of the religious conflict in Germany. On the "Protestant front" there has been a new move by Dr. Müller, the Reich Primate; he has appointed a "Special Commissioner" to supplant Dr. Niemöller, the leader of the Opposition Pastors' Emergency League, in his Berlin parish. This may lead to fresh troubles next Sunday. Still more serious is the battle with the Catholics. The Pope has issued a message to the Catholic Youth, in which he urges resistance to the "neo-paganism" of the Nazis. Catholic bishops are preaching stirring sermons, and numerous clashes have occurred in the streets between Catholic and Hitlerite demonstrators. It is said that Herr Hitler himself is profoundly disturbed by all this—and so he well may be. The enmity of the Roman Church is not a thing he can afford to make light of, and the Vatican is on strong ground in insisting that the Concordat concluded so recently shall be respected by the German authorities and those whom they control—or profess to control. The latest incident in the struggle is a judgment of the Duisburg Court which practically bans Catholic newspapers, and explicitly declares that "the so-called Catholic press is superfluous" in the new Germany.

The New Swarajists

The announcement from Delhi of a revived All-India Swaraj party is the most important political move in India since the supreme effort of Gandhism to substitute mass civil disobedience for political action. The present situation repeats, somewhat closely, the position of affairs ten years ago when the late C. R. Das won his victory over the Mahatma. That is to say, the modernist wing of the National Congress insists upon the restoration of full political activity, beginning with the running of candidates in the forthcoming election for the Legislative Assembly, while Mr. Gandhi once again stands aloof, reaffirming belief in his own method. But civil disobedience, nearly two years ago, became formally an individual matter, which means simply that it ceased to be a policy. The National Congress is a political movement or it is nothing, and this fact is now recognised by Dr. Ansari and the large body represented by the provisional committee over which he presides. The new Swaraj party will be organised for resistance to the proposals of the White Paper, for the repeal of all repressive legislation, and for the formulation of a national policy on the lines of Mr. Gandhi's demands in London. As the Mahatma is absorbed in his crusade for the Untouchables and relief work in the earthquake area, it is clear that the party must produce a new political leadership.

The Austrian Prisoners

A handful of the Austrian political prisoners succeeded in escaping at the beginning of this week, and few will grudge them their luck. But their escape serves also as a reminder of the great host of their less fortunate comrades, who will only get out to face the ordeal of trial. News of them is hard to come by, but there is no evidence of such orgies of cruelty as were perpetrated by the Nazis in Germany. That does not mean, however, that they have had nothing to complain of. Conditions in many of the gaols, according to reliable reports, have been deplorable, particularly in the matter of overcrowding. But it is the prospect of the trials which is now the chief ground for anxiety. The difficulties confronting the defence are enormous; the courts in all the circumstances must be expected to be biased against the accused, and such Austrian counsel as may be available will work under a heavy handicap. We are glad to know that foreign legal advice and help are forthcoming, and that English lawyers in particular may play their part in trying to prevent a travesty of justice. Dr. Dollfuss and his friends will show good sense by placing no obstacles in the way of such assistance to their beaten adversaries.

The New Funding Loan

When a Government can borrow on long-term bonds at a fraction over 3 per cent., no fault can be found with its financial standing. The new £150,000,000 Funding Loan issued this week by the Treasury bears witness to the strength of the British financial position, as well as to the difficulty which investors are experiencing in the finding of profitable outlets for their money. Of course, the very low rate of long-term interest is largely the product of depression; and the credit for it does not belong to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Indeed, the country would be a good deal better off if the loan rates were higher as the result of a brisk demand for money. But that is not the whole story; money is difficult to use in France as well as here, but it must make the French Finance Minister's mouth water to see the terms on which the British Chancellor can borrow. As everyone knows, sterling is in a strong position, and money therefore plentiful in the London market; and, of course, the Budget surplus acts as an encouragement to lenders. But why, in heaven's name, if the Chancellor can borrow on these easy terms, does he not borrow for something worth while? Now is the time for a forward policy that will add its stimulus to the existing upward trend in industry and employment.

Teachers in Conference

The National Union of Teachers and a number of the lesser teaching associations always hold their annual conferences at Easter. This year the teachers are naturally very much concerned over the coming Budget. They suffered both directly and indirectly by the cuts that were made in 1931; and they want to know not only whether their salaries are to be brought back to the previous level, but also whether there is at length a reasonable prospect of getting the policy of educational "economy" reversed,

and the Hadow scheme carried out in both the spirit and the letter. The teachers' organisations, especially the N.U.T., are very hostile to the new Juvenile Instruction Centres under the Unemployment Scheme, as they regard them as means both of giving shoddy education, instead of raising the school-leaving age, and of getting a supply of teachers at rates and conditions inferior to those recognised under the Burnham scales. The teachers' associations also protest against the existing tendency actually to increase, instead of reducing, the size of classes in many areas. The N.U.T.'s official resolution called for a reduction in the maximum size from fifty to forty, but an amendment from the floor of the Conference pressed for a maximum of thirty. The lower limit is obviously reasonable; but to get a figure of even forty universally enforced would be a big victory for improved quality in the schools.

The I.L.P.

The Independent Labour Party is still wandering in the desert, lost somewhere between Moscow and Transport House. At its Easter Conference it showed a disposition to break up into a number of search-parties, each seeking in a different direction for a way out of the wilderness. The Lancashire section obviously wants to get back inside the Labour Party; a fairly strong group wants to go right over to the Third International; and a good many members do not quite know what they want. In the event, the leadership remains precariously in the hands of Mr. Maxton and Mr. Fenner Brockway, who occupy a middle position, vehemently asserting their revolutionary faith, but unwilling to be swallowed whole by Moscow and absorbed bodily into the Communist Party of Great Britain as the reward of their submission. The consequence of these internal divisions within the greatly reduced membership of the I.L.P. seems likely to be a further split; for the Lancashire delegates look like either breaking away or being thrust out, and a fraction of the Left Wing will probably go right over to the Communists before long. Only Mr. Maxton's personality and the unimaginativeness of Transport House hold even the shadow of a party together; and clearly the I.L.P. is doomed either to dissolution or to reabsorption into the Labour Party in the near future. It is now important only on account of its past; it has ceased to exert any real influence over working-class opinion.

The Co-operative Party

Delegates at the conference of the Co-operative Party were naturally up in arms against the Government; for as long as the Conservatives are in office Co-operators can never feel secure against unfair taxation in the interests of private traders. Apart from this, the Co-operative Conference confined itself mainly to passing the same sort of resolutions as are passed at conferences of the Labour Party, and to rejecting in private session a resolution calling for closer relations between the two parties. Though Co-operative and Labour candidates never oppose each other for the same constituency, and all the elected Co-operative M.P.s count as members of the Labour Party, the Co-operative movement prefers to preserve its own political machine, and to make a working alliance with the Labour Party rather than an actual fusion of forces. Actually, in constituencies where there is no official Co-operative candidate, the Co-operative Society often supports the divisional Labour Party; and in general the two bodies work quite amicably together. It seems, however, a little absurd that there should be two nationally organised working-class parties, with practically identical programmes, appealing to practically the same body of electors. But probably the leaders of the Co-operative Party think they would get less support in their own movement if they became merely a wing of the Labour Party, in name as well as in effect.

A Safer Easter

"It's a fine day," says the Englishman—and takes out his car to kill someone. That, at least, has been the recent routine, resulting last year in 7,202 killed and over two hundred thousand injured. But this Easter has been much less murderous than precedent had led us to expect, and it may be that road users are really beginning to realise that a motor is a lethal weapon which can only be made compatible with civilised life if used with great skill and caution. It is from this point of view—the effect on the psychology of road-users—that the Minister of Transport's new traffic legislation should be judged. A speed limit of thirty miles an hour in built up areas will be as difficult to enforce as ever. The only justification is that it may perhaps frighten some reckless drivers. We doubt its value. Driving tests may also be useful, if they enforce on the minds of new drivers the notion that signals are part of driving and that driving is really a serious and dangerous art. Anything that renders the cyclist less invisible after dark is to be welcomed and experience has proved the value of making the pedestrian cross crowded streets on the dotted line. The next important proposal is to confer on magistrates the power of suspending for short periods the licences of "careless" drivers. The difficulty of course is that magistrates hesitate to punish an offence which is so easy to observe but so hard to prove. It is a case for risking some injustice to individual motorists; nothing will so much hasten the growth of careful driving as the fear of a strictly enforced penalty against carelessness.

A Twenty-first Birthday

Next week's issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will contain a special Supplement in celebration of the twenty-first birthday of the *New Statesman*. Of the four papers which are incorporated in the present journal, the *New Statesman* is actually the youngest but one, but the story of its foundation in 1913 will be, we believe, of particular historical interest. The Supplement will contain an account of the early days of the *New Statesman*, contributed by its original editor, Mr. Clifford Sharp, and some extracts from the unpublished diary of Mrs. Sidney Webb, dealing with the plans and ideas which she, with her husband, and Mr. Bernard Shaw and other Fabians, had in mind for a new Socialist Weekly. Other contributors to the Supplement will be Mr. Desmond MacCarthy and Mr. Robert Lynd, both of whom were original contributors to the paper.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. The postage on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, 1d.

THE BUDGET SURPLUS

EVEN a Budget surplus can be estimated according to taste. The Treasury figure is £31,000,000, while much higher figures are preferred by some of the newspapers. The usually careful *Times* puts the real surplus at nearly £39,000,000, by leaving out of the official figures of expenditure the amounts allocated to the statutory sinking funds, which the Chancellor originally proposed to cover by borrowing. What matters, however, is not the precise size of the surplus, but the moral that is to be drawn from it in the Budget for next year.

One moral the Chancellor is most unlikely to draw is already being drawn vociferously in the United States, where it is being argued that a nation which enjoys a large surplus of revenue over expenditure can certainly afford to pay its debts. Our readers are doubtless alive to the fact that if we had paid America in full this past year there would have been not a surplus but a deficit. But, apart from that, the existence of a revenue surplus within a country is no evidence of an ability to transfer money abroad. There is nothing in common between a balanced Budget and a balance of international payments; and our balance of payments, published a few weeks ago by the Board of Trade, gives no indication of a surplus available for meeting the American claims. Instructed American opinion is well aware of this; but much American opinion is not; and for that reason as well as for others it is unfortunate that the Budget surplus has been allowed to arise.

For a long time past, it has been evident that the surplus would be a big one. That meant that even on the National Government's own interpretation of the crisis of 1931 there was no justification for continuing the economy cuts. The Cabinet ought long before now to have given back to the unemployed the full rates of benefit—which are, in any case, too low to provide a reasonable standard of life. It ought to have granted at once, instead of waiting to be pushed, a higher scale of children's allowances. It ought to have restored the old rates of pay to teachers, Civil Servants, and the other groups which were mulcted in 1931. In addition, it ought to have relaxed the economy policy in the schools, and to have pressed on with reducing the size of classes and carrying through the full plan of reorganisation under the Hadow scheme. It ought to have pressed on with an adequate housing policy, instead of pretending up to the last moment that slum clearance was an adequate substitute and everything else could be left to private enterprise. In fact, in these and other fields it ought to have followed a forward instead of a "do nothing" policy, and so helped to give trade and employment that extra stimulus which would have been so valuable and effective during the past year, with some tendency to improvement already at work, but badly needing the support of an active policy of State encouragement.

The Government has done none of these things. Instead, it has hoarded so that it might be able to declare a thumping surplus at the end of the financial year. What the Chancellor originally intended to do with his surplus, or rather, what proposals for next year he intended to base upon it, we do not know. But it seems possible that his original plans—if he had plans, and not merely a desire to collect the *kudos* of having a big surplus in a world of deficits—have been modified on account of the abundant evidence of the Government's growing unpopularity. The L.C.C. elections and, to a less extent, the local elections elsewhere have scared the Conservatives and compelled them to make a bid for the gratitude of other sections of the electorate besides the payers of substantial amounts in income tax. There is an overwhelming popular demand that the cuts in unemployment benefit shall be given back and the children's allowances increased. There is quite general agreement that a large part of this year's surplus ought to be used to wipe off some of the debt still charged up against the Unemployment Insurance Fund; and there is a very strong body of opinion, outside as well as inside the Opposition, that wants *all* the 1931 cuts restored before there is any question of reducing the level of taxation.

To take sixpence off the income tax would cost a good deal more than to restore all the cuts—unless indeed, this included the abolition of the Means Test as well as a return to the former rates of benefit. Presumably the Chancellor can count quite confidently on a bigger revenue this coming year than last, if the rates of taxation remain unchanged; and, assuming the American debt to remain in abeyance, this means that he could afford both to restore all the cuts, except the Means Test, and to reduce the income tax. But he cannot do both these things and in addition so modify the Means Test as to make it tolerable, and adopt a forward policy in education, housing and the other social services.

The real tussle for priority is, then, between those who want a forward policy in the social services and those who want the income tax reduced. The traders, as usual, have set up a cry for a reduction in income tax as a stimulus to trade, with the usual vagueness about their reasons for supposing that it would produce this effect. Our view certainly is that, if it is a question of stimulating trade, the restoration of all pay cuts, the more generous treatment of the unemployed, and the adoption of a forward programme of public expenditure in such fields as housing and education will have far more effect than a reduction in the income tax and surtax. The question, of course, is, Who are the best people to have the extra money to spend? If the purpose is to stimulate home demand for goods and services, the surest way of doing that is to pay the money out to those who can be relied upon to spend it; and that means paying it in higher wages and benefits and in the additional wages which an advance in the social services will require. If it is left in the pockets of the income tax payers, no doubt a good deal of it will be spent; but it is likely to be spent to less human advantage, and some of it may easily get stuck in hoards, and not be spent at all.

On economic grounds, therefore, there is no case for reducing income tax—much less surtax—till more pressing claims have been satisfied. It is simply not true that taxes on income normally form part of the cost of production, or are necessarily deterrent to enterprise. The Colwyn Committee recognised that, and rejected altogether the popular notion that a high income tax is a dangerous burden upon enterprise. A steeply graduated tax may, no doubt, check the accumulation of capital. But is more rapid accumulation of capital what we want? The producer wants bigger markets rather than more abundant

capital. Give him the markets, and he will soon find capital to develop them. But, if we want to widen the market, obviously the way to do so is to increase the incomes of the general mass of poorer people.

It is argued that a reduction in income tax will help us to regain our export trade. But will it? In the present condition of the world there is far more room for expanding the home market than for selling more goods abroad. Indeed, our best chance of selling more abroad lies in reducing our costs by selling more at home.

We hope, then, that Mr. Chamberlain, having enjoyed his little hour of glory, will do what ought to have been done a long time ago: not merely give back the cuts in pay and benefits, but also reverse the policy of so-called "national economy" that has been followed since 1931. The case for enlarged public spending has throughout been strong; but it is stronger now than at any previous moment because, with trade already improving slowly, the Government needs only to reinforce and develop a tendency already in being, and not to act against an opposing tendency. Every pound we spend to-day has far more effect than a pound spent a year ago could have had; and in that lies the supreme reason why the Chancellor should not be allowed to waste his chance, and ours, by pandering to Conservative demands for lower taxation. We can begin to talk about lowering income tax when, by wise spending, its yield has been increased enough for a lower rate to meet all necessary costs of government. Till that hypothetical date it would be a crime to reduce the standard rate by a single penny, though this does not, of course, exclude concessions for the benefit of certain of the poorer groups of income tax payers. They may need the money as badly as some of those whose pay is to be restored to the pre-crisis level.

THREE YEARS OF THE SPANISH REPUBLIC

MADRID, *March*, 1934

"I AM not hungry to-day. I ate my cat." I laughed. I thought he was joking. But the Spanish peasant who used these words and the men and women who had gathered around me in the mud hut were quite serious. A woman, aged twenty-seven, who had five living children and looked forty-five, said: "Recently a horse fell dead on the road, and we all ran out to cut off pieces of his flesh." This was in a village thirty minutes by electric car from the much-advertised city of Seville in the province of Andalusia, rich in land and water. At first I had not wanted to go to a place so near a city. My impression would be too favourable to be representative of all Spain. But I found a misery, a destitution and hopelessness, that beggars description. Yet the peasants of Puebla del Rio told me that in the neighbouring village conditions were much worse, and when I spoke of the matter to Spaniards of all classes, they said: "That is nothing. You should go to Extramadura."

The inhabitants of Puebla del Rio were dressed more poorly than the peasants of a bad Ukrainian village. One man told me that he had last eaten meat eight months ago at the funeral of a city friend. "And butter?" "We don't know what it means." Even the children never got milk. I went into a dozen houses and looked carefully for food supplies. In one earthen home I found two small bunches of scallions, four potatoes, a small half-filled bottle of vegetable oil. No bread. No family had sugar.

This is not a bad year; it is a normal year. These people and several million more Spaniards live in a permanent state of semi-starvation. Tens of thousands of Spanish peasants inhabit caves and subsist on spinach and grass. Whole districts are known for their underfed cretins. This has been going on for decades. The most distressing feature is not so much that conditions are horrible, but that nothing is being done to remedy them. I have seen misery aplenty in the Soviet Union. But even the 1933 Ukrainian famine was the concomitant, in part the result—sad paradox—of prodigious efforts now already crowned with considerable success to give the country a new and permanently healthy agrarian base; whereas in Spain the poverty stimulates no endeavour to destroy it.

The folks I met in Puebla del Rio owned neither horse, nor cow, nor pig, nor fowl, nor sheep. They were agricultural workers who did not even possess enough land for vegetable growing. This is the situation of the great mass of the Spanish peasantry—completely landless. All the soil of Puebla del Rio belongs to three owners who employ the entire population. Employ? They work about four months a year. One woman's husband had not earned anything for six months. "We are waiting for death," a middle-aged peasant replied to my question about the future. The Republic had given them nothing. "Damned Republic!" one woman shouted. They all wanted land, and the Republic had not given it to them. In other provinces, especially in the north, the problem is not to give some land to landless workers, but to give more land to peasants whose holdings are too small to afford them a decent livelihood. The poor have either no land or insufficient land; the feudal masters have too much.

The Spanish Republic was created in 1931 not merely to destroy the feudal monarchy but to overthrow the feudal land system on which that monarchy rested. Spain needed a French revolution. But the Republic has failed to make one. The Spanish Republic is safe. The issue—monarchy or republic—is dead. Even the Catholic reactionaries seem to be reconciled to it now they see that they can dominate it. But the new Republican shell surrounds a content that has not changed. The inter-relationship of classes in Spain is the same now as under Alfonso. The people wanted a social revolution; they got only a political revolution.

Spain's crying need is a sweeping land reform. When the Republic came into being, the Socialists and the Liberals led by Azaña attempted to introduce agrarian changes by decree. They were blocked by the landowners and the bourgeoisie. Thereupon Azaña, Prime Minister from October, 1931, to September, 1933, and still regarded by some as Spain's strong man, set to work on a new land law. They worked at it for a year and a half—meanwhile nothing happened. When Azaña told me this I could scarcely suppress a cynical smile. "A year and a half to draft a law?" "Yes," he declared, "but we were busy fighting political and religious enemies. Social problems had to wait." The Socialists, too, compromised on vital economic issues in order to safeguard the Republic. And to-day the Republic is governed by those very forces against whom Azaña and the Socialists wished to protect it.

The Republic, to be sure, has certain achievements to its credit. It raised the wages of agricultural workers and prohibited the importation of cheap Portuguese labour. But Largo Caballero, the Minister of Labour responsible for these improvements, the honoured leader of Spanish Socialism, and now called "The Lenin of Spain," admitted to me that his legislation had only helped the village for a time to eat a little more, but not to accumulate any reserves or to dress or dwell better. And besides, he added, everything that he had done was now wiped out by the Right, which last November wriggled into power with the aid of the votes of the women and of the dead who usually developed a weakness for voting twice. Landed proprietors have rudely slashed wages, and are disregarding the Republic's labour-protecting enactments. What is worse, the feudal barons—I met some of them and some of their monarchist and Fascist scions—are smuggling their money abroad, or speculating in land, or transferring their fortunes to the cities. Vast stretches of land lie idle.

Their owners neglect them; the Government does not confiscate them, and meantime the village proletariat suffers for want of jobs. Agriculture languishes and industry consequently cannot grow. The village throws part of its hungry surplus human dregs into the cities, but the cities fail to absorb them.

Circumstantial evidence, and the opinions of most authorities whom I consulted, support the conclusion that the Spanish bourgeoisie is unwilling and unable to alter present conditions. Industrialists should be opposed to feudalism; it means a poverty-stricken, disaffected population which cannot serve as a market for their manufactured goods. Yet the Spanish industrial bourgeoisie collaborates willingly with the feudal landowners against the menace of Left Wing Radicalism. They would rather see Spain poor than see it Socialist. This bloc of the industrial bourgeoisie and the agrarians, very large agrarians and "kulaks," is the combination now in office. It uses the Prime Minister Lerroux, spokesman of the milder Centre, as a screen. While he shields them from the view of an electorate which might still resent the spectacle of a Government consisting of violent reactionaries and recent anti-Republicans, they are reducing the Republic to an empty word and consolidating their position in the State apparatus and in other strategic organisations. Their chief function is to keep the Socialists out of power. "We will solve the agrarian problem," a Catalan industrialist, member of the Cortes, said to me, "without either a French or a Bolshevik revolution." More concretely, his party proposes to give irrigation and credits to present landowners and thus merely reinforce a system of land tenure that has been responsible for Spain's retrogression.

This being the political situation, it is only natural that many Spanish Republicans should be rather sour about the manner in which their own child, the Republic, has been growing up. In their disillusionment they have been taking refuge in thoughts of violent revolution, and the most popular topic of conversation among Spanish Socialists is the impending civil war. But the Socialists and the Azaña moderates have partly themselves to blame. The Republic having come as the result of a popular election, they thought they could also revolutionise society by democratic methods. Experience has shown, however, that it was easier to expel the king than to tame the landlords. The Socialists have many regrets. Some of them believe that on May 11th–14th, 1931, when workers and peasants burnt convents and churches throughout the country while the citizenry and the police looked on, it would have been possible to let the peasants take the land and then to make a real revolution. But the Socialists were drunk with legality and checked the revolutionary trend. An even greater popular resentment against the reactionaries was released in August, 1932, by the rebellion of the monarchist General Sanjurjo. Azaña at that juncture took advantage of the revolutionary *élan* and decreed the confiscation of the estates of all the grandees, but not a few are sorry that the Socialists did not go much farther. Some of the estates were actually confiscated, yet none have been parcelled out. All in all, less than 10,000 peasants have been settled on the land by the Republic. The Socialists not only missed opportunities in 1931, 1932 and 1933. Their reforms lacked permanence. They raised wages. Wages have been and can be lowered again. Azaña purged the army which had always been an agency for military coups and military dictatorships. But the Rights in power to-day are undoing Azaña's good work. One vastly significant service, however, the Azaña-Socialist regime did perform; it gave the social glacier a strong push. It stirred the people to think and to organise and to prepare for the real revolution yet to come. In the future this will probably be adjudged the greatest achievement of the first three years of the Spanish Republic.

To-day, the whole Socialist party of Spain is definitely committed to revolution. Caballero, its leader, told me that they would never again join any cabinet as a minority, "and if we get the majority in an election," he added, "the bourgeoisie will probably try to keep us out of office by force." Perhaps, therefore, he suggested, the Socialists would boycott the polls in the future. The only path to power, they believe, lies through civil war. For a party which was in office as late as September, 1933, this represents a rapid evolution. The Socialists are already, albeit timorously, urging the organisation of soviets. Any number of Socialist deputies in the Cortes and other spokesmen assured me that very little separated them to-day from Moscow. Their sympathy for the Soviet Union is boundless. They do not take the Second International seriously. The Viennese artillery slaughter showed the Spanish Socialists that even the most class-conscious working class would not rise if its leaders had missed their opportunities by hesitation and compromise.

But the Rights learned a lesson from Vienna too. It encouraged them. The Agrarians are organising their own popular "Youth League" which may ultimately go Fascist (the university students are leaning towards National Socialism), and they are founding their own "company unions" in the villages. The centre parties which might have absorbed the shock of a clash between the Right and the Left have lost influence, and to-day the hostile camps face one another thinking chiefly of rifles and bullets.

Socialists and foreigners told me that the Post Office, the American-controlled telephone company and all government buildings are filled with machine-gun nests ever on the alert. The army, not quite reliable because the conscripts know how poorly their families live, is kept in the background, its arms locked in the barracks. Some of its non-commissioned officers, one hears, are furtively training workmen for street fighting. The real force on which the Rights depend is the Civil Guard, 35,000 strong, extremely well paid, and strategically distributed throughout the country. Peasants and workers are consumed with a bitter hatred for this counter-revolutionary unit, and in case of civil war its barracks and those of the supplementary "Assault Guard"—creature of the Republic—would be the first objects of bombing and incendiarism. The hatred, however, is no greater than the fear. In numerous places where the peasants had seized land from the proprietors, the Civil Guard came, killed a few men to restore confidence and then returned the property. When I asked peasants why they did not confiscate the land, they replied in two words: "Guardia Civile." It is possible, therefore, that the peasants will not rebel until the revolution has been successful in the cities; but the Socialists argue that the Government and the Civil Guard cannot cope with a widespread insurrection. Their forces are too limited. Vienna was one concentrated target. But in Spain, the elements of revolution are everywhere, and the village is not reactionary as in Austria.

The Socialists have been devouring every available piece of literature on the science of the *coup d'état*, not even omitting Malaparte's worthless contribution. Caballero has read Lenin in French and Trotsky's *History of the Revolution* in Spanish. This is indispensable preparation; but arms are as important, and I think the Spanish revolutionists have too few of them, and too little money. The Socialists, moreover, have only just emerged from the battle with their own reformist past, and their ideological armour is none too thick. Nor is their discipline of the highest. The whole revolutionary *volte face* is too new. The rank and file have heard of it, but do not feel it, and some do not even know. The Socialist party, in fact, has not yet announced its revolutionary land programme, and the peasants, who have been fooled before, must be convinced before they court the rifle fire of the Civil Guard. Nevertheless, the Socialists talk as if the civil war might come any day and certainly within a few months. Vienna has taught them that a Socialist party can wait till it is too late. The greatest obstacle to Socialist success is the Anarcho-Syndicalists. They are still powerful. And, meanwhile, strikes multiply. Fascists fight Communists and Socialists in the streets as in the Germany of pre-Hitler days, and the reactionary Government avails itself of all instruments. LOUIS FISCHER

THIS ENGLAND

Readers are invited to send us cuttings suitable for inclusion in this column. Address: 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

Speaking at Milford on Tuesday evening, Brig.-General F. D. Frost, C.B.E., M.C., characterised the League of Nations as "a Catholic institution, built up on Protestant money for the disruption of the British Empire." The General's address was really on the second coming of Christ, and a full report will appear next week.—*Milton Advertiser* and *Lymington Times*.

In a four-months' forecast, secured especially by the *Daily Herald* yesterday for the benefit of holiday-makers, one of the country's leading weather experts promised a "fine and dry" summer.—*Daily Herald*.

Vandalism in St. Baldred's Church, North Berwick, was discovered a few hours after the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Elliot. Every available flower had been removed and not a single wedding pamphlet, many of which had been left in the pews, remained. The damage had obviously been done by "souvenir hunters."—*News-Chronicle*.

Mr. De Valera himself is willing to take large risks in order to crush the Blueshirts before they take root in explosive soil.—*News-Chronicle*.

Also back from Africa, East Africa this time, is Mrs. Ronnie Tree, whose husband is M.P. and ex-M.F.H. She has been big game hunting in a party which included Brigadier-General Claude Champion de Crespigny, D.S.O. (known for short as Crawley). And a better companion one could not wish for as he is famous for his courage and *savoir faire* in the jungle.

On one occasion when he found a lion asleep, instead of taking a mean advantage of the animal, he kicked it awake from behind before shooting it dead from in front.—*Evening Standard*.

No one disputes the right of a Government to tax its citizens to a reasonable amount, but where does taxation end, and robbery commence? This is a very important point in considering unemployment; for the moral law is behind confidence, confidence is behind credit (which to-day is money), and employment depends on all these.

So far as my fifty years' experience in manufacturing and in commerce, and in trying to solve unemployment serves me, this country has now no necessity for heroic industrial remedies such as are hinted at by the Archbishop. Strange as it may sound to some, the remedies needed here for solving unemployment seem to me to be of a spiritual rather than a material character.—Sir Charles Marston in replying to the Archbishop of York.

THE COMMONWEALTH'S YOUNGEST LANGUAGE

It has been said that South Africa is the victim of an all-pervading dualism. She has two capitals, two flags, two races—the black and white; two main streams of descent in her white population—the English and Dutch; and two languages—English and Afrikaans. And to all the bitterness which marked South African politics these past five and twenty years nothing has contributed more than the duality of language. To this day a considerable body of opinion persists in the Union, heartily resentful of the recognition the constitution has given to the full equality of Afrikaans and openly hostile to the practice of that equality. Ignorance of the language—indeed, ignorance of the cultural and historical implications of any language—is most often the cause of this hostility. The old, old excuse of "misunderstanding."

If South Africans of English extraction do not always understand the *raison d'être* of their compatriots' language and are at times led to taunts at its immaturity or its alleged insufficiency and illegitimate descent, one should hardly reproach the British people in these islands for somewhat scanty knowledge of the language difficulties of a distant dominion. The University of Oxford, however, which has always stressed its "Imperial" mission, and which, alone among British universities, has decided not to recognise Afrikaans as an approved modern language, should know better and should act with greater wisdom. As the Bloemfontein *Friend* points out, "Afrikaans speaking people, who are particularly sensitive in their growing national consciousness, will regard the decision as a slap in the face." Afrikaans is the mother tongue of more than half the white population of South Africa. It is spoken by an ever-increasing proportion of the English South Africans. In 1926 both languages were spoken by 58.5 per cent. of the white population and a further 19.5 per cent. spoke Afrikaans only. The number of bilingual citizens has increased considerably during the past seven years. Afrikaans is also the *lingua franca* amongst the various black tribes in the rural areas and it has become the mother tongue of about half a million people of mixed or Malay origin. It is the medium of instruction of almost all children from Dutch homes—and this applies to the universities as well as to the kindergarten. It is recognised as a modern language by most of the greater European universities, and it is taught in some both on the Continent and in England.

Its history has many interesting parallels with the history of the English language. Indeed, one may rightly say that the lines on which English developed have been logically extended in the development of Afrikaans. It may be of value to review this process in the case of the language of the South African Dutch. When Jan van Riebeeck landed at the Cape in 1652 he brought with him a company of sailors and artisans from all the provinces of the Netherlands, and some of them even from beyond the borders of the United Provinces. Naturally these folk spoke a variety of dialects of Dutch, and the long distance from Europe and the consequent difficulties of communication in those days soon isolated the development of the Dutch spoken at the Cape. The basis of the language was Netherlands as spoken in the home country, but its development (or deviations) was governed by local conditions. Just as English has in South Africa adopted a large number of Dutch words, e.g., *koppie*, *kraal*, *spruit*, *kloof*, *commando*, *ringhals*—not to forget *voetsack*, with which imprecation unwanted dogs are dismissed—so the small community of settlers borrowed words from the races with whom they came in contact. Just as the Indians gave the Anglo-Indian (and the Natalian) aya and curry, so the Dutch at the Cape adopted *aya* and *kerrie* from their Malay slaves. The word *kraal* was taken over from the Portuguese (the first navigators of those coasts) whose corallo meant an enclosure. The substantial admixture of French and German blood had, in the first instance, some effect on pronunciation (nasalisation) and in the second introduced some Germanisms, while latterly Anglicisms play an increasing role in Afrikaans. As a matter of statistical fact, it must, however, be mentioned that the proportion of non-European words in Afrikaans is minimal.

It is a commonplace to the student of languages that a language which has any vitality never stands still. There are constant changes and constant accessions. Afrikaans (like English) is no exception to this experience. On the other hand, Afrikaans can claim to have maintained a higher stage of native purity than, for instance, English. There is a conscious aversion to foreign intrusion in Afrikaans, and wherever possible the foreign word is supplanted by a Dutch translation. The Englishman uses the entirely foreign word oxygen for the "sour-producing" gas; the Afrikaner (like the Hollander) says *suurstof* (sour matter).

People who have little knowledge of the language often allege that the Afrikaner habitually borrows English words, changing their spelling a little to disguise their origin. This argument is used to "prove" the poverty and helplessness of the younger language. Upon closer examination it proves that both the English and the Afrikaans words have been borrowed from some other owner. To take but one of thousands of examples: *stasie* is not a corruption of the English station, but both are derived, the one through the Normans, the other via Holland, from the French *station*.

What applies to the vocabulary also applies to the construction of the language. The Angles and Saxons spoke a language as highly inflected as Latin or German. The Roman said: *sum*, *es*, *est*, *sumus*, *estis*, *sunt*—six forms. Modern German uses five

forms of the verb. In English three suffice (though Anglo-Saxon had four), but Afrikaans has improved on English and requires only one form, saying: *ek is, jy is, hy is, ons is, julle is, hulle is* (and incidentally avoids the ambiguity which there is in English between the second persons, singular and plural).

Now some hold that a highly inflected language is more expressive than one poor in inflections, but the experience of Afrikaans has been exactly the same as that of English—the very reverse. It is sometimes said that Afrikaans is an excrescence of the present generation, that it never existed before the Anglo-Boer War, when "Dutchmen" spoke Netherlands, that it was only spoken by native and coloured servants before "politics" foisted it on South Africa. The facts are otherwise. Afrikaans is not a manufactured language but one which has grown up with and out of the people, and it has been developing on its own lines since the first settlement at the Cape—a hundred and fifty years before the advent of the English. The Cape archives contain documents penned in the first half of the eighteenth century which are couched in a language more closely related to present-day Afrikaans than to the Netherlands of their time. The Diary of Adam Tas (so charmingly translated into old-world English by the late Prof. A. C. Paterson) was written in the eighteenth century and contains a wealth of Afrikaans forms. The Voortrekker Louis Trigaardt cannot get away from the vernacular in his writings, and full-blooded Afrikaans was written about 1880, among others by the venerable father of the author of *Commando*.

Until the discovery of gold on the Rand, indeed until after the Boer War, the majority of the Afrikaner people were countryfolk and education was in a primitive state in the interior until well towards the end of the last century. The source and inspiration of all culture among the pioneers were the Bible and Nature. Itinerant schoolmasters and an occasional farm teacher taught our fathers to read and write and, once the Bible could be read, a man's duties claimed the youngster's time. There was no *written* Afrikaans language. The stately early seventeenth century language of the Netherlands became the language of solemn occasions, and later of the schoolrooms, while people continued to use the vernacular—Afrikaans—in daily intercourse. The pulpit is always conservative; and in view of the great influence of the Church on Afrikaans life, the church language also remained the school language long after Afrikaners were finding it easier to pick up English from the growing English population of the country than to learn from their Hollander schoolmasters how to distinguish the genders of Netherlands words.

After the Boer War there was a revival of national consciousness among the Afrikaner people, and with it came a longing for the legal recognition of the actual speech of the people. Poets sang their songs in Afrikaans, philologists examined the structure of the language, grammarians reduced its usages to formulae, novelists and playwrights described in it the doings and the ideals of their people. (Incidentally, Afrikaans has produced an admirable literature these past thirty years; its output is far in excess of the literary output of English-speaking South Africans.) Students both in the home and in overseas universities were surprised at the adaptability of the language to abstruse scientific and philosophical thought, and to-day hardly a single scholar returns from the Netherlands whose doctorate has not been conferred for an Afrikaans dissertation.

So much for the age and range of the language. There remains the complaint about the instability of its spelling. Even this complaint has little ground now that the Afrikaans Academy has standardised spelling, that the South African Government has ordered the issue of an authoritative standard dictionary—and most important of all, that the Afrikaans translation of the Bible has been completed. It was through the English Bible that stability and uniformity were introduced into English writing. While the Bible gave to English its modern form, the dictionaries (I am thinking of Dr. Johnson) fixed its spelling. The same process is practically completed in the case of Afrikaans. In connection with the alleged instability of Afrikaans it might be finally said that there is little noticeable difference between the Afrikaans of the South and that of the North, and the man from Capetown has no difficulty whatsoever in understanding the man from Pietersburg. But the tin miner from Cornwall will find it well-nigh impossible to understand a Yorkshire mill hand.

As already mentioned, the Continental universities extend a most hearty welcome to the South African student. But the university which Rhodes selected as the medium for the uniting of South Africans refuses to approve of Afrikaans as a modern language! In South Africa English-speaking and Afrikaans-speaking men and women have at last come together for the final reconciliation—and the first undertaking which they have pledged to one another is the maintenance of equal language rights. Language is a very sacred thing to small nations, and a small people is naturally prone to see a taunt in the overbearing action of bigger peoples. Oxford must see to it lest the good it may proffer to Afrikaners will be rejected rather than be accepted as a favour from condescension.

And in the interests of friendship and co-operation between English and Afrikaners, may I just hint that Continental institutions, though they offer us the most comprehensive hospitality, can hardly be expected to make Anglo-Afrikaner friendship their objective?

P. BRUCHHAUSEN

LOOKING UP AND LOOKING DOWN

MISS MARY PICKFORD has been explaining to an interviewer the secret of that enormous popularity that led somebody once to describe her as the World's Sweetheart. "I think," she said, "I made the audiences feel pity for me. They felt a desire to protect me. I have come to think that the best road to the hearts of an audience is to make them feel superior to the player. It is the appeal to their superior strength and superior wisdom that makes them sympathetic to the character."

And, in proof of this, she added: "Recently I played a stage part in New York in which I wore a two-dollar ninety-cent frock and a one-dollar hat. The sympathy of every girl in the audience went out to me."

If this were the main essential of success in the theatre, what an easy life the dramatist would have! All he would have to do would be to dress his hero and heroine in cheap garments from an old-clothes shop, feed them on tinned salmon and bread and margarine, and put them to live in a ramshackle garret with no light but that from the stump of a dying candle that was never really alive; and a run of at least three hundred nights would be assured to him. Everybody who was better dressed, better fed, or better housed would hasten to see a play which enabled the ordinary man to revel in sympathy and in the sense of superiority at the same time.

I doubt, however, whether the pleasure we take in pathos is really due to either a conscious or unconscious feeling of superiority to the helpless characters depicted on the stage or in fiction. It is not any feeling of superiority to Oliver Twist that accounts for our interest in his sufferings. Even the teetotaller does not look down from a height of superior strength or wisdom on Sydney Carton. We read of Cinderella for the hundredth time with as deep absorption in her fate as ever, though we know that those rags which are so much worse than our own clothes will ultimately be transformed into the bridal-dress of a princess, which will be so much better. Children who read fairy-tales would find them unendurable if the charming young people who begin in a condition inferior to their own did not invariably end in a condition vastly superior. I can think of very few books or plays which I enjoyed chiefly because they flattered my sense of superiority. Most of those that did were propagandist plays, or plays with a propagandist element, which derided political or social types that I liked to see getting the worst of it. Mr. Shaw, I should say, flatters the sense of superiority

of his audiences far more thoroughly than any popular and pathetic dramatist does. Even when he derides his audience, the spectator flatters himself that Mr. Shaw is deriding only the rest of the audience. Satirical writers are in the last analysis the greatest flatterers of all. How pleasant it is to watch their clever whipwork on backs that, we deceive ourselves into thinking, deserve it more than our own!

Miss Pickford is probably right, however, in suggesting that there is something peculiarly attractive about helplessness, even if she is wrong in believing that helplessness appeals to us because it makes us feel superior. In life the helpless character is usually a pet when he is not a nuisance. And he becomes more of a pet when he is dead and so beyond the need of our help. Oliver Goldsmith became one of the most popular figures in the history of literature because to his other good qualities he added the charm of helplessness. If he had been a better business man, we should not have liked him so well. He was shiftless, and he suffered, and he wrote like an angel, however, and so he moves our pity, our affection and our admiration all in one. Even Leigh Hunt, on account of his unbusiness-like qualities, has become a pet with all but the sternest moralists and the cynics. Perhaps this love of helplessness may be partly due to the ordinary man's need of a holiday from the oppressive ideal of worldly success. Somewhere in his nature lurks the suspicion that worldly success can be bought only at the price of slavery, and so he day-dreams pleasantly of the life of the tramp, the vagabond, and the shiftless poet, who is at least free from the continual pre-occupation with saving money. His admiration of the tramp and the poet, however, is not admiration from a superior any more than it is admiration from an inferior. It is, I fancy, a mixture of both.

The chief attraction of helplessness, however, lies in its appeal to our sympathy, which, like our muscles, needs a reasonable amount of exercise. Charlie Chaplin is an actor who has played triumphantly on this human need, and who, by his helplessness, has converted knockabout mishaps and misadventures from clowning into heart-wringing pathos. I do not think, however, that Chaplin's audiences ever bother to congratulate themselves on the fact that their plight is better than his. We cannot subject our pleasures to chemical analysis, but it seems to me that while watching a Chaplin film, we are much more conscious of the superiority of the actor's genius than of the inferiority of the lot of the character he represents. Chaplin's success contributes at least as much as the character's unsuccess to our pleasure. After all, when a famous film actor arrives in England, the crowds mob him or her, whether the character usually represented is a figure of failure or of ignoble success. Most people are much more ecstatically happy in the presence of a superior than in the presence of an inferior. The ordinary man would rather look up than look down.

Tragedy and pathos move us—and move us, ultimately, with more pleasure than pain—not because they induce an agreeable mood of self-flattery, but because they awaken the imagination to a sense of the unity of human life, with its griefs, its pitifulness, and its uncertainty. The human being craves for companionship, in love, in friendship, and in a score of forms of communion, religious, political and social. He is an ego craving to escape from his solitude. He can do this only through his sympathies, and in the theatre and in fiction his sympathies enjoy a perfect freedom not always possible in real life, with its irritations, its self-seekings, its vanities. In real life to know all is not always to forgive all. We seldom can escape from the judge and the censor in our breasts, and he cannot be trusted at a crisis to be indulgent, or even ordinarily humane, to other people. In the arts, including biography, however, the judge loses much of his severity. We realise the sorrows of people whose sorrows we should never have realised if they had been our neighbours. We enter into the scallywag pleasures of scallywags who, if they were living now, would be excluded from the houses of many of their most ardent admirers. What proportion of Falstaff's adorers would, if they could, have frequented the Boar's Head Tavern to meet him in the flesh? How many of Don Quixote's idolators would have invited him to a party if they had heard he was coming to town? Each of us thinks he would, but each of us knows that many other people would not. In life there is frequently an excuse for withholding practical sympathy: in the arts, our sympathy ranges free as air and visits the palace and the slum indifferently. Nothing human is alien to us when the characters are fictitious or dead.

As for the feeling of superiority, I do not suggest that human beings are indifferent to it or that it is not a common ingredient of human happiness. The superior person is probably as happy as an excessively vain man can be. There are highbrows who positively enjoy looking down on lowbrows as the vulgar mob, and there are lowbrows who equally enjoy looking down on highbrows as pretentious prigs. The pleasure of exclusiveness is not confined to those who have badges for the Royal Enclosure at Ascot. There have even been religious men who took pleasure in the thought that they belonged to a superior minority from which the vast company of the damned was excluded. Tertullian maintained that one of the joys of the privileged few in Heaven would be to behold the unsaved groaning in the lowest darkness of Hell. He wrote, no doubt as a member of a persecuted creed in the spirit of revenge, but he looked forward with a heathen relish to the day when his worldly superiors would be transformed into his eternal inferiors, and he would be able to look down and laugh at their sufferings. Nowadays, we should say that he had an inferiority complex expressed in terms of erchatology.

I doubt, however, whether there would be much happiness in seeing people—even heathen kings—in Hell. Our love of superiority is a less enduring appetite than our affection or our admiration. Goneril and Regan were superior persons, but Cordelia, though she died as tragically, seems enviable in comparison. And I am sure that the followers of Mary Pickford envy the typical Mary Pickford character far more than they feel superior to her in strength or in wisdom. The popular arts may flatter us by conjuring up pleasant daydreams, but in the theatre, on the whole, even the self-worshipper temporarily becomes a hero-worshipper or a heroine-worshipper. Consider the fame of Ellen Terry as Portia and Beatrice. It is easy not to be envious of the superiority of other people in works of the imagination. Y. Y.

THE QUACK IN MEDICINE

In a recent discussion at the Royal Society of Medicine, a doctor suggested that the more educated the public, the more gullible it is; and he attributed the persistence of quackery in medicine largely to the amazing growth of science, which has bred the popular idea that nothing is impossible. It is certainly not by the fees of the poor and uneducated that the fountained and flunkeyed establishments of our modern Cagliostros are maintained. Profound ignorance of the established facts of human physiology—of the way our minds and bodies work—is as common among distinguished authors, artists and statesmen as it is among dock labourers and laundresses. Superior persons smile when their charwoman tells them that she is suffering from a gastric stomach or that her little girl has a bronchial chest; or that the medicine which the doctor gave her husband drove away the inflammation. But there are few ladies or gentlemen in Bloomsbury—or in less sophisticated Mayfair—whose comments on their own or their neighbours' pathology and hygienic therapy imply any more understanding of the basic facts on which the arts of hygiene and medicine rest. The readiness of the poor to believe what they are told and what they read is more than balanced by the self-blinding assuredness and complacency of their artistic and political superiors. Not that a little more learning all round would make much difference; for learning

and sense are very distinct things. One of the wittiest and shrewdest of our physicians, in the course of his Harveian Oration delivered two or three years ago, pointed out that even an open mind has its dangers: "An ever open mind is like an open drain; it is apt to be the receptacle of a great deal of rubbish." An intelligent mind is selective rather than in the crude sense impartial. The tree of knowledge is an organised and harmonious structure, not a mere conglomerate of heterogeneous particles.

Whatever be the reason for the persistence of quackery, that it has persisted is beyond doubt. If we define a quack as a pretender to knowledge or skill which he does not possess, then quackery is almost coextensive with humanity—or, at any rate, with that part of humanity which practises the healing art. If, however, we limit the application of the term to those who pretend to a knowledge or skill which they know they do not possess, we add to its utility. As a social servant and a useful citizen, what are the peculiar functions and peculiar duty of the practitioner of medicine? Though it is often charged against him that he and his words are actual hindrances to popular enlightenment, few people any longer consider that a doctor's prime duty is to teach. Nearly all doctors take it for granted that the service which the community expects them to tender is to do what is possible to cure disease and to relieve pain. Lately, it has been increasingly urged that a further part of the doctor's duty is to give guidance as to the means whereby health may be preserved and disease warded off. It is probable that ninety per cent. of all illnesses end in recovery, with or without the intervention of a doctor or the application of any deliberate therapy. Any doctor who is lucky enough to be in attendance will, from these cases, gain credit—and, if he is uncritical, self-satisfaction. To the bottle of medicine which he prescribed, or the physical treatment he ordered, especially if backed by an appearance of cheery confidence, is assigned magical, or at least scientific, potency; though, in fact, the part played by the doctor may have been as trivial as that of the fly on the wheel. At most, his attendance in these cases adds to the peace of mind which authoritative guidance affords to the simple.

What about the other ten per cent. of illnesses? In a few of these, actual technical knowledge and skill may be as important to recovery as they are in surgery; but, in almost every instance, the patient's prospects will be greatly improved if he has confidence in the ability and in the zeal of his doctor. Faith and hope are older than science, and science has not replaced them. After all, the law of the survival of the fittest applies to mental traits and faculties no less than to physical structures. Science is concerned with thinking and with things thought of. But the vital processes of both our physical and our psychic being are in but trivial measure alterable by our thoughts, our conscious knowledge, or our conscious will. In the healing of wounds, and in those Lilliputian battles which we call illness and recovery, emotional states, however, play an important part. Confidence or despair, trust or mistrust, may, through their relation with the endocrine and with the sympathetic nervous systems, turn the scale between life and death. Thus, by conscious quackery and dishonesty, a doctor may save his patient's life. By self-righteous honesty and strict regard for truth, he may well render himself open to the accusation if not of murder at least of manslaughter. Rather than soil his soul, he has allowed a man or woman to drown before his eyes. It is a realisation of this dilemma that is responsible for many seemingly cynical medical epigrams. "One-quarter of *savoir* and three-quarters of *savoir faire*, makes the successful practitioner." "A man of great ability is morally incapable of being a good physician." "There are men who never have done, and never can do, anything, because they know too much. They know more than they are able to wield." We talk of the dangers into which a little knowledge may lead a man; but where is the individual so foolish or so complacent as to regard the knowledge that he possesses as more than a little? The slight additional knowledge on which the distinguished physician prides himself is apt to provoke in his mind a pessimistic reaction far more inimical to his patient's recovery than is the slightly less knowledge of the "quack," if implemented by ever so unjustified an optimism of outlook. This problem of quackery is clearly not the simple one that at first sight it may appear. Moral and intellectual rectitude are closely related to arrogance, complacency and self-righteousness. It is motive rather than form that determines position on the scale of moral values. Quackery, practised for the good of his patients, is often no small part of a doctor's deliberate sacrifice of self for his fellows. On the other hand, quackery based on an honest belief in the validity of one's ill-founded and untested knowledge is a characteristic of folly rather than of scoundrelism. As to those quacks who deliberately exploit both the trustfulness and the misfortunes of others for their own enrichment or aggrandisement, there can be no difference of opinion among decent folk.

HARRY ROBERTS

"DEFENCE EXPENDITURE"

The Technical Committee of the Disarmament Conference estimates the world's total expenditure on defence in 1931 at between 20,000,000 and 22,000,000 gold francs.

It sounds a lot—at least when we reflect
How long and loudly poverty is pleaded
By every State on earth for its neglect
Of human misery that goes unheeded,
While, if the computation be correct,
Some twenty thousand million francs are needed
For buying means devised by men of wits
To blow their fellows into little bits.

Yet, giving credence to each State's profession,
You'll note that absolutely nothing's spent
On any preparation for aggression
Or sabre-rattling—not one single cent!
Mere self-defence is now their sole obsession;
The times are past when any nation bent
On gaining credit for the part it played
Took robbery with violence for its trade.

"Then why," you ask, "this staggering expense
(Since no one budgets for attack nor dreams of it)
On feverish preparations for defence?"
A knotty problem, and whate'er one deems of it,
There's no reply, alas! in common sense
Or sane psychology, though one wrote reams of it—
Unless, perchance, each State's good faith is shown
In judging others' honesty by its own.

MACFLECKNOE

Correspondence

MANAGING ON THE DOLE

SIR,—The article in your last issue, entitled "Managing on the Dole," defies comment. One is left in a state of raging indignation that such conditions of life are the fate of thousands of our fellow citizens. Apart from the ethics of the matter, its economics are so deplorable. On the one hand, so-called "overproduction" of tea, sugar, butter, eggs, rice, etc., and on the other the microscopic "effective demand" of this family of five. I take it to be inconceivable that my income tax should be reduced until Mrs. B.'s income has been substantially increased.

STEPHEN KING-HALL

SIR,—In case "A.B." 's skill in providing out of the weekly unemployment pay a bare minimum budget for husband, wife, and three children should mislead any reader into thinking it within measurable distance of being enough for the family to be comfortable or even healthy on, it may perhaps be worth while to point out, what is obvious in the budget, but not emphasised by the writer, that, when these essential items are paid for, there

is not a penny over for clothes, boots, bus fares, newspapers, beer, or any kind of amusement, and that the children go short of the milk they need.

"A.B." 's budget might be set beside this other, drawn up by another good manager, the wife of an unemployed man, with three children. This indicates a more reasonable scale of living; though still a pretty unsatisfactory one.

(Father and Mother and three children living on a weekly wage of £2 15s. 6d.)

Rent	10	9	Milk	2	6
Insurance and clubs	1	6	Tea	2	6
Fuel	5	0	Cocoa		6½
Light	1	0	Jam		6
Soap and soda		2	Fruit	1	0
Clothing and shoes	5	0	Flour		9
Bread	4	0	Lard, Suet, etc.	1	0
Butter	2	0	Currants		4
Sugar	1	6	Cheese		10
Bacon	2	0	Rice, etc.		2
Meat or fish	6	0	Papers, etc.	1	0
Vegetables	2	0	Amusements	2	0
Eggs	1	6			

ROSE MACAULAY

UNDER-PRODUCTION AND UNDER-CONSUMPTION

SIR,—Professor Hobson's diagnosis of the nature of the present world-depression, and his explanation of the mechanism of the trade-cycle in general, may command substantial acceptance without necessarily a complete adherence to his final conclusions.

Professor Hobson states his thesis as follows. "Under-production and unemployment are due to a tendency in ordinary times to save and to invest in increased capital structure a larger proportion of the current incomes than is wanted and can find continuous employment." And, after illustrating the cycle of trade as a sequence of "over-saving, over-investment, depression, under-saving and under-investment," he hints at a remedy in the following statement. "If," he says "incomes were more equally divided, or if surplus elements of income passed out of individual ownership and were annexed by the State for expenditure on social services, this recurrent disequilibrium need not take place."

It is the purpose of this letter to suggest that while the main thesis can be accepted fully, it is nevertheless possible to point to another conclusion.

The thesis is a statement of relationship between the amount of money invested and the amount that can find continuous employment. But the amount that can find continuous employment depends ultimately on the amount of expenditure by the people. And Prof. Hobson's thesis can be stated in the reverse way as follows. Under-production and unemployment are due to a tendency for *expenditure* (in the aggregate and in particular directions) *to become disproportionately low* in relation to the amount of investment.

To put the matter in this way is to emphasise the relative inadequacy of expenditure (reflecting an inadequacy of purchasing power among the poorest) rather than the relative excess of investment. And I submit that it is right to give first place to this relative inadequacy of purchasing power. The whole movement of economic life is essentially a "roundabout." But, in the many-featured driving mechanism behind this roundabout movement, the function of purchasing power (in volume and distribution) is, I submit, more "fundamental" than that of investment. Investment, although essentially an initiation of enterprise, is always founded on the expectation of an effective demand; and the non-fulfilment of such expectation is due, I suggest, at least as much to a deficiency on the side of effective demand (which itself depends on purchasing power *in the appropriate quarters*) as to misjudgment on the part of entrepreneurs of what the community really requires.

Moreover, it is possible to identify one factor in modern life, or rather a combination of two factors, which is actually tending all the while to bring about this inadequacy of purchasing power "in the appropriate quarters."

Industrial efficiency in general is constantly advancing, by rationalisation (of every kind) and by the practical application of invention to the processes of production. But the labour which is immediately releasable at each and every step in this progress has little chance of being fully absorbed in economic life under present conditions, owing to the pressure of international competition. The release of labour, made possible by "progress," tends either to take the form of permanent unemployment or else, by the pressure of that same competition (on the part of countries which feel that their unemployed can only be absorbed by an expansion of exports) to force wages themselves to a lower and lower level. The result in either event is a reduction of purchasing power among the poorest and a lower aggregate expenditure in relation to the *already existing* amount of investment.

Does not this indicate that we should rather tackle the problem at the point of effective demand—i.e., deal with wages and not, for example, with "surplus profits" (unless we should distribute the "surplus profits" among the poorest directly in cash or in kind)?

E. M. DALTROFF

53 Anson Road, N.W.2.

[Mr. Hobson replies: I have no quarrel with Mr. Daltroff except for his dubbing me Professor, which I am not. I am quite willing to assent to his proposition that "Under-production and unemployment are due to a tendency for expenditure . . . to become proportionately low in relation to the amount of investment"—with one qualification. So long as the excessive investment continues to take place, there is no abnormal unemployment or under-production, but only an excessive use of capital and labour in making plant and other capital goods. It is only when the visible over-supply of capital goods checks the further process of investment, and over-saving lies idle in bank deposits, that under-production and unemployment begin. This statement will serve as a contradiction of the charge made against us last week by Mr. C. C. Garrod who said that "Mr. Hobson really seems to regard saving and investment as synonymous."—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

THE INDIAN EARTHQUAKE

SIR,—I have received the following letter from Babu Rajendra Prasad, who is the recognised Indian leader in Behar:

> It is impossible to estimate the cost of restoration. I have been calculating it and find that any single item, like the building of houses, or the reclamation of land, will cover several crores of rupees.*
>
> Then there is a severe, impending famine. Whatever the villagers possessed, in the form of grain-stock, has been very largely destroyed, being swallowed up by the earth through fissures, or buried under debris, or covered under sand, or washed away by the large volumes of water thrown out by the earthquake through these fissures. Now, with their stock of grain destroyed, their crops ruined, and their land rendered useless by sand, the villagers will soon be face to face with famine of a devastating nature, unless relief is forthcoming. The population which has to face these famine conditions is not less than 2½ millions. The problem of feeding these vast numbers for at least another year, when some of their lands may be expected to yield a harvest, is a stupendous one, and the cost of that alone is likely to go into crores of rupees. Each day, as new information comes in, the whole task before us appears more and more gigantic.
>
> I was a patient in the hospital at Patna when the earthquake came, and saw not only the hospital buildings crashing, but also one of the biggest wings of the hospital coming down with a crash. Fortunately no life was lost, as there were no patients in the part that crashed; but the sick had to be taken out into the open and lodged for three nights without any covering overhead, until tents were improvised. Even now, the hospital is being carried on in tents, as the buildings are considered too dangerous for habitation. I left the hospital ten days after my release as a political prisoner. My release was ordered to enable me to undergo further treatment and recoup my health by rest. But the disaster compelled me to plunge headlong into relief work. It is very hard and trying, but I feel that in spite of prolonged illness I am none the worse for this very hard work, which keeps me busy from early morning to late at night. I hope that God will give me strength to go through with it.
>
> (* A crore equals £750,000.)

Since this letter was sent, cables also have reached me giving still later news, which makes clear that the magnitude of the disaster has not even yet become fully known. Photographs taken from the air have exhibited large deep fissures traversing the land in a lateral direction, and upheavals of soil which are likely to interrupt the natural flow of the monsoon rainfall and the melting snows. This outflow of water towards the River Ganges is likely to cause floods over immense areas of land. It seems almost impossible by any engineering work to prevent this happening before the snows melt and the monsoon rains descend.

The sums hitherto collected in England have been far too small to count for much in the face of a disaster so vast. It might be well to remember how the people of India gave, as a free gift, a sum of £100,000,000 to Great Britain at a crisis during the war. Would it not be possible for the British Parliament to give some worthy sum out of the Treasury to help India in her hour of need?

C. F. ANDREWS

THE B.B.C.'S MUSIC

SIR,—The criticism of the musical programmes of the B.B.C. in your leading article is fully justified. I have just spent half an hour in analysing the evening programmes (7 p.m. to midnight) of the two English principal waves as compared with those of the two Dutch waves for the current week. For this purpose I divided music into three classes:

Class 1.—First-rate "serious" music. I include the acknowledged masterpieces of the acknowledged great masters and exceptionally good compositions of "serious" composers who would not be universally acknowledged as belonging to the very highest rank.

Class 2.—The second-rate compositions of great composers and the compositions of second-rate composers.

Class 3.—Third to tenth-rate music. I excluded dance music and records.

The B.B.C. broadcast Class 1 music for approximately 110 minutes during the week, the Dutch broadcast it for 405 minutes; the B.B.C. gave 635 minutes to Class 2 and 885 minutes to Class 3, as compared with the Dutch 395 and 485 minutes respectively.

The Class 1 music provided for listeners by the B.B.C. was as follows: Monday a Beethoven Overture and song, say 20 minutes; Wednesday, a Mozart Overture; Thursday, a Bach Fantasy and Fugue, and songs, say 20 minutes; Friday, a Haydn and Beethoven Quintet—and that is all.

The Class 1 music supplied to Dutch listeners included: Monday, Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Schubert; Tuesday, Mozart, Beethoven Concerto, Schubert Symphony; Wednesday, Brahms Requiem; Thursday, Beethoven Overture, Concerto, and Symphony, and a recital of Bach on the organ; on Friday the Dutch provided an interesting concert, including Vivaldi and Mahler, which I have excluded from Class 1.

The contrast, I submit, confirms what you said regarding the B.B.C. Like you, I make no protest against the B.B.C. providing plenty of second-rate and tenth-rate music. I protest against the practical exclusion of first-rate music from its evening programmes. HIGHBROW

ENGLISH AND FRENCH BOOKS

SIR,—Generosity with other people's money is proverbial; the generosity is even more brazen with other people's books. When an institution wants some buns or boots, no one suggests that the bakers or bootmakers ought to supply them gratis; if they are required they are bought. But there seems to be a kink in the average Englishman's mind where books are concerned. Books are things to beg, borrow, or do anything but buy. Thus, when someone points out that it is desirable for a French library to possess more English books, it is immediately proposed that English publishers (and thus indirectly also their authors) should provide them gratis. In an editorial note in your issue of March 24th, you complacently add—"Publishers would no doubt grumble at an additional obligation, though it would not in fact cost them much even if no compensation at all were given."

Some of us have got past the stage of grumbling. We desire to know precisely why book publishers (and through them authors) should be subjected to a capital tax on their products which no other class in the community is called upon to bear.

We are already under a statutory obligation to provide five, and in most cases six, public libraries with free copies of every book we issue, as well as new editions of old books. Although in the case of a mass-produced article a single copy may not cost very much, the obligation is all-embracing and includes specialist publications and limited editions where the burden is onerous. The tax presses hardest where it is least desirable, viz., upon the publishers of works of learning, of books of outstanding merit but limited appeal. On the Continent such publishers are assisted, honoured and encouraged; in England they are handicapped, discouraged, and specially taxed. It is all part, I suppose, of our inherent contempt for the things of the mind.

In an article in the *Nation*, on "Books and the Public," Mr. Maynard Keynes wrote in an only slightly different connection—"The fault lies first and foremost with the public—with their wrong psychology towards book-buying, their small expenditure, their mean and tricky ways where a Book, the noblest of man's works, is concerned." It is distressing to find THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of all papers actively encouraging this wrong psychology towards book-buying. STANLEY UNWIN

PROGRESSIVE SCHOOLS

SIR,—As the incident described by Mr. Tremlett in your columns did not occur in my school, perhaps I may comment.

A boy pours a cup of tea down a master's neck either because the master is a sap and not fit to be with children, or because he wants a bit of fun and horseplay, or because earlier and less annoying manifestations of his high spirits have been visited by those in authority with smug disapproval and perhaps severe punishment. It takes considerably more than two years to undo in a child the havoc that may have been wrought in it by its mentors in nine years—nine years being the sort of age at which most boarding schools get boys.

If I were the kid who poured the said cup of tea and Mr. Tremlett approached me with that "Now my boy" manner and informed me that it was a "disgusting breach of all the canons of civilised behaviour" I should say, "Nuts to you" or something much more rude and full of swear words.

Did Mr. Tremlett never roll his boy friends in the snow and shove it down their necks when a child? Has he never watched a bitch at play with her puppies? She'll snap at them if their fun gets beyond her patience, but being a good sound dog and not a smug schoolmistress in love with her own dignity she does it without the malice and moral indignation that get visited on children.

Civilised behaviour is not external etiquette concealing bitter hatred; it is friendliness. And there is no reason whatever why a child should treat a grown-up well except because the grown-up loves him and means him well and is his friend. Ordinary politeness is a thing we acquire gradually by having to live with people we do not much care for, but to impose it arbitrarily on husky young children instead of letting it grow naturally is likely to destroy their sincerity and to provoke in them a resentment that will make them hostile to everyone when they grow up, however perfect their table manners may be. DORA RUSSELL

Beacon Hill School,
Harting, Petersfield.

SIR,—Mr. Tremlett asks, "Could Mr. Raymond Mortimer kindly say what the poor man should have done?" when he had a cup of tea poured down his back—the suggestion being that there was no possible alternative between cuffing the boy soundly (which he did) and suffering in silence.

But this does not exhaust the possibilities. For instance, the master in question might have kept his temper and humorously poured his own cup of tea down the back of the offender; not in a spirit of vindictiveness, but as a more salutary and less brutal method of achieving his end than cuffing. For surprising though it may seem, "progressive" teachers, like those of more orthodox schools, are deeply concerned with civilised behaviour, and the fact that they sometimes allow what they do not approve points not to a difference of aim, but of method.

It is absurd to criticise the system because after two years it failed to achieve civilised behaviour in a particular individual. We are not told any details about the case, and from my own experience of progressive schools, it is certainly true to say that such an act of wildness is the exception and not the rule. I have, however, known a headmaster wait as long as two years for the evil effect of the "cuffing" system to die out in a case where reversion to that method would certainly have destroyed the fruits of long patience. On the other hand, I have known a master cuff a boy and be on perfectly friendly terms with him five minutes later.

It is impossible to generalise in these matters. Education is an art, and it is the business of the adult to divine when a (justifiable) outburst of anger on his part would destroy his friendly relationship with the boy, and when it would not.

Teacher Training Department, MARGARET E. ISHERWOOD
Dartington Hall, Totnes, South Devon.

SIR,—I am not a master in a "progressive school." But I oppose Mr. Tremlett's implied condemnation of the headmaster who deplored the result of the fact that one of his assistant masters struck a boy who poured tea down his back. Perhaps in certain cases corporal punishment is right. But I am convinced that self-control must be learnt by boys in one way or another, and that masters must set good examples. Thus the man who fails to control his anger, and demands instantaneously from the

boy "an eye for an eye," not only shows lack of dignity, but sets a lamentable example of want of self-discipline.

The least that the master referred to could have done was to give himself some time to consider and consult. This course would appear to be more in accordance with the "canons of civilised behaviour." P. MAYHEW

The Grammar School, Blackburn.

HIKERS AND FARMERS

SIR,—It is delightful to find a word of sympathy for landowners and farmers in the review of Mr. Joad's book in the current issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. The hospitality of the countryside is generally extended to hikers and other tourists from the wens. Our reward?—only too often, gates left open, broken bottles and litter strewn about, wild flowers uprooted, and a pathetic trail of blossom picked and thrown away.

I doubt if the purchase of a glass of milk is much compensation; but if our visitors would not hurt our feelings and pockets in the above-mentioned ways, leave to camp and picnic would be granted more gladly than it is at present. PATIENCE HOARE

Hartridge Manor Farm,
Staplehurst, Kent.

[We have been obliged to hold over a large number of letters this week. Correspondents would assist us (and have a better chance of appearing in print) if they would make their points as shortly as possible.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

Miscellany

PROGRAMME MAKING

ONE of the pleasures of amateur musicians is the making-up of imaginary programmes; few are ever contented with the programmes offered to them, yet I am sure that no programme could be submitted by the average music lover in which there would not be found just as much to grumble about.

And few recognise the unique position music has among the arts to-day in this country and, on the whole, in Europe and America. Unlike literature, painting, architecture, music is still useless. Some scientific experiments may have been made with chickens to discover what tunes they will lay most eggs to; some primitive tribes may beat drums to make ears of corn shoot stronger and fatter, but nothing has yet been discovered that would enable us to make a good economic profit out of music and thus to establish a standard so that good and bad music could be distinguished from one another. Left completely without a criterion, the poor journalist who has to try to supply tendencious matter suitable to the organ for which he is hired to write is just like a man stranded in a dense fog when he attempts to write about music. The real question: What sort of music furthers my interest, or my employer's interest?—which is what he would like to be able to put—seems just unaskable and unanswerable, because the average person simply does not know what music is about or what any piece of music means.

Music is finally useless commercially because it is useless for propaganda. You cannot say "Eat more fruit" in music, or "Buy more eggs" or "Drink Guinness." You cannot express economic arguments in music, or give statistics or persuade to vote Labour or anti-Labour. By no piece of music can you denounce Hitler or the Jews or the Pope or the Baptists. I remember years ago some of my friends who were very enthusiastic about the Russian Revolution wanted me to write in the *Daily Herald* about proletarian music. "Proletarian music," I said, "show me a bit of it, if you can." There is proletarian butter (its other name is margarine), but there is no proletarian music.

No, there is no proletarian music, no capitalist music, no Marxian music, no Ramsay MacDonald or Beaverbrook or Baldwin or Oswald Mosley music, but only an infinite (note carefully that word "infinite"!) possibility of combining sounds in such a way as to have an effect or to have no effect on the hearer. Have I let the cat out of the bag with the word "effect"? Not at all. Because the effect resists diagnosis. No musician and certainly nobody who is not a musician can tell you what the effect of any piece of music is, either on himself or on anybody else. What a relief!

Of all the men in authority at the B.B.C. the only one who has no political or social or economic worries is Dr. Adrian Boult. Whatever the music he puts in his programmes, no parliamentary committee will ever be able to understand it or to decide whether it is subversive or reversive or progressive or anti-progressive, Fascist or Communist or any other imaginable thing.

The Greeks were not the only people to use music to stir the feelings, and, crudely, one may divide music into gay and sad, lively and lethargic, exciting and pacifying. But this is merely to say that when the sun is hot one is warm, and when it is not one is not so warm. In other words, music has not and cannot have a rational purpose and, therefore, all attempts to use music rationally for some purpose are doomed to failure. Although armies have bands, so have pacifists. You cannot change a Conservative into a Communist by giving him a glass of vodka, or an Englishman into a Frenchman by a cognac; no dose of music will do anything to fix an idea into a man's head and make him the slave of it. Music, therefore, is finally and irremedially useless, useless for the propagation of ideas, useless for the salvation of mankind. In this glorious, unassailable position it will outlive every dogma, every creed, political or religious, every doctrine, every ideal which the mind of man has conceived, or ever will conceive. This is the supreme destiny of music.

But such is the pettiness and meanness of men that the attempt is always being made to destroy music just because they cannot find a way of using it for their immediate purposes. The very existence of the art of music is a danger to all partisans, to all who have an axe to grind, something to sell, some one to deceive; it is also a danger to those honest but misguided men who want to do good to others. What we cannot use let us destroy!

And this is how music can be destroyed. It can be destroyed by being nationalised. England may say, we shall only have English music; Russia, we shall only have Russian music or Soviet music; Germany, we shall only have Nazi music or Nordic music. Now, there is only one way of defining music into these categories, and that is by attributing to it the politics, the so-called race or creed, or nationality of its composer. To find whether Beethoven's music is Nordic, examine his four grandparents! Is Delius "English" music? Look up his birthplace, for you will never be able to discover it from his music.

But there is one other danger to which music is as much exposed as any other art, and that is mere inattention. Is it not an extraordinary thing that every year in London, and every other European and American city of any magnitude, the same programmes of Beethoven, Mozart, Brahms, Haydn, Schubert, etc., are performed? It is merely by the continuous exertion of listening to these works that a musical public has been created, a public that is trained and capable of attention. If for a period of twenty-five years—one generation, let us say—there was an absolute cessation of this stream of musical performances of the classical works of musical history, I should be prepared to expect that power of attention to have disappeared, and to find in its place a public as incapable of attention as the average cinema audience would be to the classical literature of its language.

Fortunately there seems little danger of this happening now that we have the trained public and the uncommercial organisations, such as the B.B.C., who have no cause to give up their function of constantly performing their repertory of music without regard to profit. Profit and propaganda are the only reasons for which the B.B.C. might turn out of its straight path. Profit we may rule out, propaganda, as I have shown, can find no tool in music. There only remains this

one danger of exploiting music nationally. At present it is the most international of all human activities. The attempt to nationalise it will no doubt be made. Attempts have already been made, and are being made no doubt even as I write, but the public will be well advised to give the cold shoulder to all attempts at nationalisation. One method of doing this is to continue in its present very marked preference for international rather than national programmes in every country, and for a healthy mixture of international artists in its programme making, and, in this country especially, in the programme making of the B.B.C. The present musical director of the B.B.C. is, fortunately, an international and not a national musician. Is this last sentence a contradiction to all I have written about the impossibility of deciding nationality from music? Not at all! For I mean by the word international musician, applied to Dr. Adrian Boult, merely a man who finds no nationalism in music. Therefore, I might add, a good musician.

W. J. TURNER

SMOOTH WITH THE ROUGH

THAT noon I waited on the wooden street in the town in Oregon, wishing that the wild horse which I watched splash over the marshes towards the mountains had been not a horse, but a bear. Bears are to be seen in Oregon; was I to have no luck? An English seafarer, a few weeks earlier I had landed higher up the coast, in British Columbia, where the enormous ragged trees had put me in the mood for wildness. So far my experiences ashore had been uncommonly smooth; the café waitress, after regretting that all the Chinese silk disembarked locally was rushed eastward, insisted on talking Dickens.

Up rolled the south-bound motor coach, labelled *Vancouver, Portland, St. Francisco.* I was headed for the last-named, with my own eyes to see dreadful Pacific Street; the "Barbary Coast" of the lurid sea tales. But I boarded the coach with a twinge of vexation, for I had remarked on her counter the name of the coach line: *Pickwick Stages.*

The coach embarked several sedate, well-groomed Oregonians, all bored to be making the mountain journey, and I moved up to the end-but-one row of seats. Across the last row lay a gaunt, travel-stained young man; poorly dressed though wearing two coats. "English," he shouted in a cheerful voice of satisfying thickness: "I'm a lucky son-of-a-gun. I outa be dead. I just bin dragged outa the grave by an ole dead horse and a bear."

Well-barbered heads turned in curiosity so far as the motion of the coach allowed. But the wild, rough young fellow resumed his nap. The spruce Oregonians, after more head turnings, raised questions about the Yukon, as the coach skirted pine-forest, and raced past walls of rock and alongside rivers.

Night; and the lights in the flying coach switched off to induce sleep. We were ascending the Siskiyou Range, in the language of the Atlas, or the Rock Candy Mountains, in the deprecating speech of the Oregonians. But mountains cannot be quite joked away, as we were reminded when our spinning wheels hit large stones. Once our flight was briefly delayed when a newly fallen stone, about the size and shape of a horse, blocked the Pass. Then our at-last-awake scallywag had the saving idea; the putting of the coach astern and towing the stone horse back a mile down the track just climbed, where the Pass widened. The coach scraped forward again along the edge of a precipice; and our deliverer suddenly yelled:

> Folk, at the gold mine in the Yukon where I works, it ain't safe to go afoot when summer's gorne. But when I gets the griffin to come to St. Francisco, I is compelled to take a chawnce. I starts afoot to make the steel (the English says railroad), to get in touch later with this stage, where she starts running down this Whoopee Coast.
>
> I gets me lorst, and plumb tired making fires to scare any bears. I lets off some fine yells; but no guy is around to answer. I lays me in the snow to die when, below in a canyon, I sees a golden light flashing. I makes out a bear sitting before his cave. This bear actually is chewing a horse's leg, though at first he looks rather like he is listening in on the radio. The sun is catching the rusty horse-shoe which is trembling on the end of the leg. I knows the bear for a scavenger wot the boys tolerates round the mine; I knows that *Mikado*, the old horse back at the mine, has just died. Folk, all on us at the mine knows the location of that bear's cave. That means that I can tell where I is at. I ain't got to die. I ain't one little lorst baby no more.

As with the dawn the miner ended his story the coach, finished with climbing, was skittling under the hoary head of Mount Shasta, at the beginning of the drop down into California. The gold miner continued his selection of Yukoniana. I looked at the scenery of the golden West. First the coach was traversing a zone of golden hued poppies; then one of yellow pumpkins; then saffron cows and a mass of chrome roses, till at last it was running across the Plain under the hanging oranges.

Gulls wheeled over our hot road; the miner recalled the terrors of Yukon frosts. Our coach was ferried over St. Francisco Bay, and landed bumpily on the boulders of the Embarcadero; those great stones that once ballasted the sailing ships from London. I remembered my longing for the wild, rough life! Pacific Street was close by, but, alas, the rugged halo of "The Barbary Coast" had been taken down. My search revealed one relic, a pair of mustard-coloured, long-disused wooden doors, engraved with dancing men and stagey animals. A sociable, affluent citizen of middle-age appeared, and lectured me on the city's present correctitude.

I thought of one last hope of going wild: to ask the miner *why* he had risked his life to come south? Perhaps his reason was a terrible one. There seemed grounds for hope. I hurried back to the coach station where he still helped with others' luggage; and he replied that he had come home because his brother was in bed with jaundice.

I gave up my quest for a wilder life, but found it again, and this time abundantly. For as I was eating lemon pie in a café, I raised the ear-piece of a radio; as it chanced not one upon a European circuit. A Chink girl was miming something Chinese and lethal. In a high, heart-stopping key she yelled and caterwauled; just that only; over and over again. Taking refuge in the pastry, stoically I listened on. For had I not got, and to a nicety, what I had asked for?

F. H. W. JACKSON

NEW FACE

Lady of the Boulevards—*Tivoli*

A provincial film society which enjoys exceptional freedom is subject to only one restriction; the names of the films it proposes to show must be notified to local authority in advance. On only one occasion has this produced any reaction, when the worthy burghers composing that body inquired details of the picture *In the Night.* One shudders to think of the images that the title of this simple and highbrow film of pianos and waterfalls could inspire in the innocent heart of a provincial burgher, but one is instructed. For censors are sensitive to titles. The fact that the content of a film is unexceptionable, the Board unexceptionably observes, cannot be held to justify its cover by a title of salacious attraction. Hence *Strange Interval* instead of *Strange Interlude.* "The former does not happen to be the name of a dirty play," sharply observed the Secretary of the Board when interrogated about the distinction. And it is to be expected from a board that seeks its presidents from among elder statesmen and whose last vice-president died in harness at the age of eighty-one, that the titles that most shock it are those recalling matters that were shocking when our grandfathers were young. In this, it is possible, they show themselves out of touch with their descendants. Thus, they insisted on renaming the film *Casanova: The Prince of Adventurers* at precisely the same moment as Sir Oswald Stoll, allowed to keep the name of the

Venetian gentleman for *his* extravaganza, was finding himself obliged to add an almost exactly similar explanatory sub-title to his posters to remind a public that had forgotten who the gentleman was. Perhaps morality would not have been shaken in many more homes, nor many extra lust-inspired shekels have found their way into the till if the name *Nana* had been allowed to stay.

Lady of the Boulevards is in itself a curious title for choice by a board which only a few seasons back insisted on purifying the name of a picture at the same theatre from *Lady of the Pavement* to *Lady of the Night*. But were the change to have been inspired not by prudery but as an act of literary criticism it could only be admired. I recall at the *première* of the silent version by Jean Renoir a massive and vocal descendant of Emile Zola standing on a chair and shouting repeatedly with the full force of her lungs and in the French manner: "Mais c'est un ordure! C'est un ordure!" I disagreed with the lady then, for the silent film (banned by the Board of Censors, by the way) not only very effectively filmises the character of *Nana*, but contains in Werner Krauss' performance as Muffat one of the few unforgettable pieces of acting in the short history of the cinema; perhaps, in a burst of prophetic vision, she was foreseeing Mr. Goldwyn's version at the Tivoli now. To use the title *Nana* for this film might not be trading on salacity, but it would be the confidence trick none the less. Such petty substitutions as a Russian Grand Duke for Edward of Wales in the person of the Prince who visits her in her dressing-room are inevitable and insignificant, but in characterisation and relationships between the persons scarcely a vestige recalling the original remains. More important yet, the dialogue, inhuman and stilted in the new manner of American costume pictures but to a degree exceeding all precedent, prevents any relationship or character from having any credibility even in the novel and separable world of this individual film.

What then is *Lady of the Boulevards?* It is the vehicle for the presentation of a modern Nana, a girl as talentless, as animally live, as physically magnificent as her predecessor and fulfilling what is, in modern society, the corresponding role. The courtesan—the star. A toast for the boulevards (if I may drop into the film censor's idiom)—a new face on the fan magazine covers. Bordenave did not groom and publicise Nana more lavishly for his first exhibition of her than Sam Goldwyn—Anna Sten. And the curtain rises on her beauty to the same undiscriminating clamour in the columns of the press. One scribe is so overcome as to recognise in her "a typical blonde Teutonic loveliness." Anna Sten is as blonde as Hitler and as Teutonic as Rosenberg.

She is not the first girl to run away from the Soviet Union. Since Mosjoukin, Rimsky and Tourjansky went to France, and Gaidarov and Ermoliev to Germany in the early days, the *émigré* ranks of cinema have been reinforced by a steady flow. But none has had so conspicuous an opportunity as Anna Sten. Where is now Otsep, who directed *Yellow Ticket* and *Living Corpse*? Malinovskaya, heroine of the *Waiter at Palace Hotel?* Vera Baranovskaya, Pudovkin's *Mother*, was last heard of making Catholic miracle films in Czechoslovakia. Inkishinov, Pudovkin's *Heir to Jenghiz Khan*, will soon be seen in Sessue Hayakawa's old subject *La Bataille*. Sten is at the peak of her profession. She is much changed from the dumpy, fuzzy, black-haired child who raced through Soviet comedies with an energetic roughness not seen in cinema since the young Negri. Let us hope, for her sake, that Mr. Goldwyn's choice of her prototype is not ominous for the duration of her success in her chosen art.

IVOR MONTAGU

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Libel!

The dramatist-barrister who uses the pen-name of "Ward Dorane" clearly knows far more about the law than about newspapers. On his postulate the *Daily Gazette* publishes a defamatory article which would make any normal sub-editor shudder, on the mere word of a man who has been in prison twice before for blackmail and once for false pretences. This conceded, the succession of excerpts from the ensuing libel action provides the Playhouse audience with exactly those thrills which one presumes would arise from a perusal of the evening papers concerned with the matter—curiosity, tension, and the usual "sensations." Is the plaintiff, you may ask, Sir Mark Loddon, M.P., himself, or the man who escaped from the German prison camp with him in 1918? Was Sir Mark murdered by his companion who traded on a facial resemblance and afterwards impersonated him? These are the questions for the jury, which are answered according to expectations in the last act. The author has deftly eliminated as much of muffling legal circumstance as possible and the evening is not dull. Mr. Leon M. Lion breathes insinuation as one K.C. Sir Nigel Playfair soothes and elucidates as the other. Mr. Malcolm Keen agonises as the plaintiff impressively, but Miss Frances Doble, in an unconvincing and thankless part as the wife, is uninteresting. Mr. Aubrey Mather's judge is as admirably unforced as one would expect from that excellent actor.

William Morris in Printing

The exhibition of Kelmscott Press books which Mr. Wilson has arranged at Bumpus's, 350, Oxford Street, does more than show the volumes which William Morris himself designed and printed. By adding examples of Doves, Ashenden, Golden Cockerel and Nonesuch Press books he has marked Morris's work with its historic significance. The odd things about Morris are these: he was an influence even more than he was an artist, and those whom he influenced and stimulated have been the first to acknowledge their inspiration and at the same time to depart from the style of their preceptor. It is a commonplace to say that the Kelmscott volumes are lovely objects rather than readable and companionable books; and the commonplace is true. The Press books which Morris grandfathered are better by all the tests of use than those he fathered; but we must, Chinese-like, honour him as the ancestor of all the succeeding generations of fine printing. Nor, in feeling that his more ornamental pages are not in our taste, must we forget that taste may turn again, and that even to-day, when it is most divergent from Morris's, one still marvels and rejoices at the consistency of purpose and perfection of workmanship which (despite the fact that he had to design his own types, and invent his own paper and inks) remain unsurpassed and seldom equalled.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, April 6th—
- The Vilna Troupe in a repertoire of Yiddish Plays, Fortune Theatre.
- B.B.C. Chamber Concert, Broadcasting House, 8.30.

SATURDAY, April 7th—
- Flower Show, London Gardens Guild, New Horticultural Hall.
- League of Arts Choir, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.
- "The Laughing Woman," New Theatre.

SUNDAY, April 8th—
- J. A. Hobson on "Democracy and Internationalism," Conway Hall, 11.
- William Morris Centenary Meeting. Speakers include Paul Bloomfield and Hannen Swaffer. William Morris Hall, 267 The Broadway, Wimbledon, 7.30.
- Dr. M. Beddow Bayly on "Is Vivisection Necessary?" Willoughby Hall, 1 Willoughby Road, Hampstead, 7.30.
- First Production by the Left Theatre, "Sailors of Cattaro," Phoenix Theatre. Application for membership to be made to the Treasurer, 27 Abbey Gardens, N.W.8. Tickets can be obtained from the Secretary, 14A Heathcote Street, W.C.

MONDAY, April 9th—
- "The Mask and the Face," Royalty Theatre.
- "Three Sisters," Drury Lane.

TUESDAY, April 10th—
- J. B. Priestley on "Slum Clearance in Kentish Town," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
- Flower Show, Daffodils, New Horticultural Hall.
- Mr. Norman Haire on "The Elements of Sexology," London School of Hygiene, Gower Street, 8.
- "Counsellor-at-Law," Piccadilly Theatre.
- Jean Sterling Mackinlay, Old Vic, 8.

THURSDAY, April 12th—
- Flower Show, British Carnation Society, Old Horticultural Hall.
- Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

NOTHING is more difficult than to make a fair judgment of a book from an indifferent translation, to read sympathetically and make guesswork paraphrases of passages such as those which have arrested my progress while reading *The Life and Misadventures of Miguel de Cervantes*, by Mariano Tomás, translated by Warre B. Wells (Allen and Unwin, 10*s*. 6*d*).

> Here, if he had not already done so on the banks of the Guadalquivir at Cordova and Seville, he learnt how to appreciate the charm of life in the country, remote from any jarring note, using all his five senses to taste the delights which were offered him by the clear water of running brooks, as pleasant to the palate as to the ear, and by the fruits still unripe, which were all the more tempting for being so near to plucking: just like the passionate glance of puberty's eyes. All this sensuousness was later to overflow in those pages of his which are closest to reality, the pages of his *Galatea*.

Ignoring the unusual literary judgment of the last sentence, we may divide the blame for this passage as follows: Mr. Wells has obviously been harassed and hunted by the original into using the unlucky *puberty's eyes*, but the author is really guilty: the effect of his florid claims on behalf of water as a beverage and of unripe fruit is marred by the unfortunate *if he had not already done so*. And the farther we go the more signs of this being a bad book do we find. It is not a question only of such phrases as: "marvellously diaphanous mirrors," which possibly may be Mr. Wells's own gloss, but of the kind of thing with which one is only too familiar in biography:

> Behind some lattice there might be dark eyes on the watch. Perhaps Miguel knew already what those eyes looked like; but he never told us. . . . Some seraglio may have known his cautious steps. Soft white hands may have left in his red beard the perfumed memory of caressing fingers. . . .

But what was it that Señor Tomás said in the preface?

> If you like reading lives in which what may be taken as certain is hooked on to what is sheer imagination, so that the whole becomes little more than a work of fiction, you had better close this book before it bores you.

Surely Mr. Wells must have left out a *don't* before the *like*. I will give just a few more quotations for their own sakes:

> He had finished with the career of arms and the point of his pen like a chicken's beak had not yet pierced the shell of anonymity.

Perhaps that can be said in Spanish; languages differ.

> If we are tempted to forget the difference between Miguel de Cervantes' times and our own, we are reminded here how remote his times were from ours. Nowadays there is no writer, no matter how insignificant, who would publicly admit that anybody's work was better than his own.

Can that really be true in Spain?

> Miguel took a residential house . . . which was rented in the name of one Jeronima Alarcon . . . doubtless the heroine of another humble and obscure love affair (of Cervantes').

Even in Spain might she not have been his landlady?

* * *

There are also puzzling contradictions on matters of fact. Señor Tomás speaks of "his maimed left hand" received at the great naval battle of Lepanto. Fitzmaurice-Kelly says:

> He received three gunshot wounds, two in the chest and one which permanently maimed his right hand—"for the greater glory of the right," his own phrase.

When Cervantes was thirty-seven he married Doña Catalina. According to Señor Tomás, who suggests that he married for money, she had a "dowry not to be despised," which he states was:

> Some olive groves and vineyards and a share of furniture and farm implements, to a total value of one hundred and eighty-two thousand maravedies, which, in spite of its imposing hundreds of thousands, merely meant five thousand three hundred and fifty silver reals.

According to Fitzmaurice-Kelly:

> The dowry of his wife, as appears from a document dated the 9th of August, 1686, consisted of nothing more valuable than five vines, an orchard, some household goods, four beehives, forty-five hens and chickens, a cock and a crucible.

Señor Tomás says, without giving any authority:

> Perhaps he remembered the fond farewell of his parents when he set out for Italy in Acquaviva's train. . . .

While Fitzmaurice-Kelly says:

> There is no reason to think that Cervantes met Acquaviva in Madrid; the probability is that he enlisted as a supernumerary towards the end of 1568, that he served in Italy, and there entered the household of Acquaviva, who had been raised to the Cardinalate on the 17th of May, 1570.

* * *

I have quoted these conflicting accounts of small points to show there is need for caution in accepting what one reads about Cervantes, but his life seems to me the most fascinating and extraordinary of any of the great writers. Coming from a family of "rusty old Christians," to use the phrase in *Don Quixote*, untainted by heretic blood, he went to serve in Italy, where an Armada was fitted out against the Turks. At Lepanto, though he was lying sick with fever, he got up, greatly distinguished himself and was badly wounded. When he had recovered he went to sea again on the expedition to Navarino, and when this ended fruitlessly he set off with his brother for Spain armed with letters from Don John, which he thought would secure him a company in the army. They fell in with the Moors who boarded and captured the vessel after a fight lasting sixteen hours, and for six years he remained a prisoner in Algiers. During his captivity he was the ringleader of the Christian slaves and made four attempts to escape, one of which seems to have come within an ace of success, but failed because the sailors of the Spanish boat which had come to fetch off the fugitives at night were afraid to land. He was of little value to his master on account of his crippled hand, but the Moors took him to be a person of importance and kept him in the hope of getting a big ransom. They also seem to have been impressed by his courage, and to have liked him: for example, though they sentenced him to two thousand lashes they remitted the punishment.

* * *

When I last read *Don Quixote*, some five years ago, it struck me that Cervantes was not merely making fun of the high-falutin heroic literary romances of the period, but also of the romanticism of his own youth. While he was a prisoner in Algiers he had shown reckless courage and the most unselfish chivalry. When the ransom sent by his mother arrived, he sent back his brother Roderigo and remained in imprisonment himself. As each plot failed, he denounced himself to Hassan Pasha, the Viceroy of Algiers, as solely responsible, declaring that everyone else was innocent and that he alone was to be punished. All through his life he was quixotic—and all through his life his rewards were the hard knocks which came to the lot of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance. After he was eventually ransomed he met with the usual reward of the old soldier, and was forced to take a job as a tax-collector to requisition goods for fitting out the Armada against England. A quixotic tax-collector is unlikely to satisfy his masters. The unlucky Cervantes instantly got himself into difficulties by trying to raise taxes on Church property and was excommunicated by the Chapter of Seville. He was always getting into arrears with the taxes, and his final disaster came from trusting a dishonest merchant, to whom he handed over the taxes he had collected in exchange for a draft on Madrid which was never paid. That was his ruin, as it led to repeated prosecutions and to his being flung into prison again and again. At forty-three he had been anxious to go out and start a new life in Guatemala or New Granada, but his application was rejected, perhaps on account of his maimed hand. Ten years later, after two more spells in gaol, he may well have looked back and laughed at the illusions of his youth, and, finding the same quixotic desires still in his heart, have mocked at them all the more. He described his masterpiece himself as: "just what might be begotten in gaol." *Don Quixote*, I am convinced, is a self-portrait, drawn by one of the greatest romantics in the world, who had been turned into a realist by experience.

DAVID GARNETT

WORLD DANGER No. 1

Germany Reborn. By GENERAL GÖRING. *Elkin Mathews.* 2s. 6d.

Hitler Over Europe? By ERNST HENRI. *Dent.* 5s.

These two volumes are splendid object lessons in practical politics. While General Göring's book could not be bettered as containing the kind of information the individual receives under Fascism, Ernst Henri's contains exactly the kind that he does not. In the latter, the statements are almost everywhere supplemented by documents, names, dates and figures: the ideas are built upon the facts. In the former, there is but one idea, and nothing for it to build upon except itself—the inflamed dream of more and more personal power for a portly and hysterical filibuster. Indeed, his book is such a pitiable piece of bombast that only two things make it worth mentioning at all. The first is that it is written by the Prussian Prime Minister, Minister for Air, President of the Reichstag, Head of the Secret Police, and the most influential man in Germany after Hitler and Thyssen, and the second that it conceals one or two remarks of some considerable unconscious humour. Regarding the police, we find this: "I forbade all officers and inspectors and, later, all other police officials, to carry batons. It was not in harmony with my feelings as an officer that the police should run around and strike at the public with batons." A page later, however, we read: "I declared then, before thousands of my fellow-countrymen, that every bullet fired from the barrel of a police pistol was my bullet. If you call that murder, then I am the murderer. Whoever sees the Prussian police of to-day, after three-quarters of a year, will be quite unable to recognise the police of Herr Severing." Yes, indeed. But a point at which one may smile less wryly is reached when he declares that: "Corruption, immorality and indecency were the outward signs of the 'proud' Republic." He seems to forget that the conventional might think him a little shady himself, since the *Brown Book* contains a photograph of his discharge from a Swedish home for morphine addicts: they might also find something to disquiet them in the President of the Brown Shirts, Captain Röhm, if they could have read (in the *Münchener Post*) the reports of his sexual quixotries of a few years ago. We do not agree with the common view that because a man's private life is of a kind usually frowned upon this necessarily unfits him for public service. History denies it. But such enormous pots cannot be allowed to call any kettle black.

In contradistinction, there is *Hitler Over Europe?* First of all, it must be said that this is probably the best work on the Third Reich that has appeared in English. This is so, in spite of what at first seems an incompleteness in that it somewhat neglects the ideologues of the movement. The author appears to forget that there are still a number of Nazi "idealists" who really believe in all this Nordic buncombe. But those who wish to inform themselves here can read Prince Hubertus Löwenstein, and one of the achievements of Ernst Henri's contribution is his point that these altruists are being consistently suppressed and undermined. There was never any chance for the Socialist elements in National Socialism; this is now so plain that even National Socialists can see it, and many of them are at this moment abandoning enthusiasm for a thwarted discontent.

Ernst Henri's book should be read at once by everyone who is seriously interested in understanding the real bases of Hitlerism. With rare lapses—some small redundancy; a slight liability to nag; a touch, here and there, of the histrionic—the author maintains a sober and convincing tone. From numberless sources, with tireless, and almost tiring, industry, he has put together a book the great accomplishment of which is that it discloses, for the first time, the dynamics of the Nazi movement. He has written a historical work in that it is a profound, thorough, though not unbiased, exposition of what the Nazis really are. In one word, as he explained in the *Week-end Review*, this is Thyssenism. Thyssen, the richest of German industrial magnates, the dictator of the Ruhr, is proved, together with his group, as having become the animating force behind Hitler, and he himself is reasonably indicted as being as much of a menace as one man well can be to the peace of the world.

In his first pages, the author claims that coal and steel, more than the middle class, made the Revolution. In 1931, when the shares of the German Steel Trust (the largest industrial concern in the country), shares offered at its foundation at 125 per cent., fell to 15 per cent., the Brüning Government saved the situation by buying nearly half. But in the Ruhr there were still two groups who had always contested, at the cost of millions of marks, for the leadership of the Trust. One, the Otto Wolff-Deutsche Bank group, and the other, the Thyssen-Flick-Vögler group: the former, liberal, "foreign," Jewish, Catholic, and the latter—the inheritors of Stinnes—Prussian, diehard, nationalist "for whom not even the Wilhelm monarchy itself was reactionary and militaristic enough." "Thyssen, since 1927, has been a member, the chief financier, and the real inspirer of the Hitler party. . . . He it was who already in 1929 invited Hitler to Düsseldorf, the headquarters of the Steel Trust, and there introduced him for the first time to an assembly of 300 leading industrialists of the Ruhr. He it was who, three years later, at the beginning of 1932, brought Hitler a second time to Düsseldorf, this time in order to develop his programme for the future before 2,000 German industrialists." It was decided, against the opposition of Wolff, that every coal and steel concern must contribute to election funds. The price of coal was forthwith raised, and for the Presidential elections of 1932 Thyssen gave Hitler 3,000,000 marks. It is more than probable that, at this moment, in view of the Strasser secession and the loss of 2,000,000 votes, Hitler would have been destroyed by Schleicher. But Thyssen saved him, and gained the Steel Trust, and the whole Ruhr. As a reward, he becomes State Councillor for West Germany, a new political office superseding all local authorities. He is absolute ruler of the heart of German heavy industry, the tract of country that "gave birth to the first great industrial dynasties, the Krupps, the Thyssens, the Stinnes, the Haniels, the Stumms, which supported the State of William II on their shoulders. . . . It pushed forward, through the constant driving force of its coal and iron, the German mercantile fleet, German electrical engineering, the German machine industry, the German chemistry, which became the leading industries of the world."

Ernst Henri goes on to explain the future plans of the Thyssen group. He points out how the imperative necessity for economic expansion will wreck them, and their Germany with them, if it is not met, and how Hitler, who was brought into being by them for the purpose, is helping them in every way he can. By the discouragement of the Brown Shirts (the petty bourgeois) and the

Everywhere you go

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

elevation of the Black Shirts (the upper middle and upper class) into a capitalist bodyguard. By ceaseless drilling and arming. By the abolition of all Trades Unions, etc., and the division of the 7,000,000 unemployed into 4,000,000 who are officially registered on dwindling relief, and 3,000,000 "invisible unemployed." These 3,000,000, being former Socialists, Jews and women, are simply being deprived of their means of livelihood and have disappeared from Nazi statistics. Above all, by the Rosenberg Plan. Behind the German Foreign Office there stands an organisation called the "Office for Foreign Affairs of the N.S.D.A.P." In control of this is Alfred Rosenberg, who has formulated a scheme in which the ambitions of Thyssen are disguised to perfection under the cloak of Nazi ideology. Roughly speaking, the Plan is for a *bloc* under German domination from, and including, Lapland to Bulgaria, and Belgium to the Ukraine. Publicly, it is to be the Germanic Racial Empire; privately, it is to be the Central European Economic Empire. "The map is, point for point, identical with the map of the expansion of German heavy industry." For those who find the notion of such a project fantastic, I must add that Ernst Henri's pages on the Plan are crammed with documentary evidence, and that the recent quotations he gives from Hitler and Göbbels are convincing enough in themselves. The vital iron ore of Lorraine, the coal of Belgium and Holland, the steel works of Western and Central Europe (the Comité des Forges, which controls Schneider-Creuzot and Skoda), the copper of the Balkans, avenue to Eastern markets, the riches of Ukraine—it is the old story of the acquisition of power with which to rival England, France and America on the one side, and Russia on the other; it is the new form of the old imperialist German dream, the dream for which they have waged war in the past, and for which, on Henri's evidence, they will wage it again. It is for this that the Ruhr is proved to have bought Hitler, a man who, according to Professor von Gruber, the greatest living German authority on anthropology, is not, psychologically, a normal human being.

Much of the latter part of the book is devoted to a discussion of the methods by which, according to Henri, the fight for the Plan is being everywhere carried on. It is mainly accomplished by subsidising the Fascist parties in the countries concerned, and the business flourishes in most of them. Henri ends with an estimate of anti-Nazi forces. There were, after all, 13,000,000 old Socialists, Communists and pacifists in Germany. Some parts of this section have been published in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION; those, for instance, concerned with the celebrated Revolutionary Groups of Five which were organised in most of the factories after the Revolution. The author contends that there is still to-day a substantial list of secret revolutionary units, all of which have been united, Catholics with Communists, in the Anti-Fascist Front.

Henri draws a final conclusion at which it is difficult to demur. Germany, sooner or later, must, as the logical outcome of every move in her internal and external politics, embark on war. A civil war may first prevent this; certainly a civil war would ensue. But he adds that what may, and can, prevent both is the vigorous inception and prosecution of a European Anti-Fascist Alliance on the part of all who do not welcome a second and far more appalling world war. We must agree with him. Utopias may lie in the future, but Fascism menaces in the present. What there is of freedom in Europe, and what there is of peace, what there is of justice, and of spiritual advancement—this may be a subject of dispute. But that there is something, and something growing, of all of these is not to be disputed. The time has now come for those who in the least value these things to band themselves together in a common defensive action on their behalf.

BRIAN HOWARD

NEW NOVELS

Five Silver Daughters. By LOUIS GOLDING. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Bond. By JOHN SORSKY. *Heritage.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Travelling Companion. By NORMAN WALKER. *Longmans.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Portrait of the Artist's Children. By EDWARD CHARLES. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Five Silver Daughters has an ambitious theme, a rambling but ingenious plot, a genial freedom of the map of Europe, a rich knowledge of Jewish character, and is as prolific in personages as only Jewish novels can be, being run on the Jewish assumption that, if you meet one member of the family, your jocund nervous system must inevitably respond to the waiting fruitage of grandparents, uncles, aunts, sons, daughters, cousins and nieces. I, who have always thought that the break-up of the family was one of the few blessings of the 1914–1918 revolution, am repelled by the assumption; and I think *Five Silver Daughters* sprawls flat before its unattainable ambitions because it is an error to assume one should be interested in five people just because they were begotten by the same fecund and incautious parents. If five, why not fifty? Why not a vast spawning of five hundred silver daughters? A spurious sense of vitality is obtained, of course, until, like birth controllers abashed by the size of Victorian families, we investigate the health, strength and value of the individuals.

But the book is the only novel worth discussing on this list, and is an improvement upon the unreadable *Magnolia Street*. Mr. Golding has an aggressive wit and a monotonous mind. He has the creative vitality of an oil gusher, which spouts up into the sky and goes to waste. On the other hand, he must be praised and singled out as one of the few English novelists who write on people conditioned by their industrial and political environment. This choice does not ensure a good novel but it means a clearance of dead literary wood, the possibility of fresh growth on new ground. The Silvers were a family of Russian Jews who had settled in the slums of Doomington. Thus, the excellent opening:

> It was Saturday night. The anarchists were gathered in the Silver kitchen in Oleander Street. They often turned up on week nights, too, but there was something more ceremonious about the proceedings on Saturday nights. That is to say, they all knocked at the front door twice, then once—twice again. Within doors things were pretty much the same. They all talked assassinations and drank tea-with-lemon.

The attractions of the Silver kitchen was not only revolutionary plotting but the five daughters whose lives, from the years before the war until the post-war slump, are severally traced. The heart of the book—and it is a pity Mr. Golding did not contracept some of the daughters to the strengthening of his theme—is the primitive and fundamental conflict between Polednik, the conspirator

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MARTELL'S
CORDON BLEU

and friend of Lenin, who marries one of the girls and goes to Russia to fight a way to high office in the Revolution, and Smirnof, who marries another daughter and, as the partner of a gradually enriched Mr. Silver, attains the dizzy heights of capitalist speculation, becomes an international financier and gambler, is a friend of Denikin, and a White Russian. This accidental but most exciting schism in the Jewish family has provided Mr. Golding with the best pages, and I wanted to wring the necks of the redundant female flesh for getting in the way of them. One was reminded of those fond but tedious acres of Rubens's nudes. When the story moves to Russia Mr. Golding gets back to his essential theme, and here the almost mythological opposition of Polednik and Smirnof is transposed into more definite terms. Polednik's wife is as ardent a Bolshevik as he, but, once in the Ukraine, the call of the blood is too strong. She goes to trace the grandparents, aunts and cousins, and arrives to find the women imprisoned and the men waiting to be shot at sunrise for concealing corn. They are Kulaks, and Polednik, now a commisar, has come down to demand their execution. There is nothing melodramatic in Mr. Golding's handling of this the finest, clearest, most careful and moving part of the book. His bumptious manner goes. There is none of the half-ashamed, half-affectionate contempt. It is because of the height reached in this central chapter in the excellent Russian part that the descent to the third-rate "poetic" prose which describes Elsie Silver's adventures on the Riviera, in Cardiff and Berlin is so shocking. Luscious Jewish eroticism is here seen at its most tawdry.

But the real reason for the unreadable dullness which grows like a clogging ivy over Mr. Golding's excellent plotting, and his technical skill in the placing of his immense pattern of incidents, is that he has the dead mechanised wordiness of the superior person. Arnold Bennett knew that the great God of the Imperial Palace might be supercilious but was never wordy.

Arnold Bennett was a superior person; but he knew that to carry it off one must be laconic. He was incapable of writing this description of rain falling on Ivanhoe Towers (the Silvers' house); a passage which could not be excelled as a description of Mr. Golding as a novelist:

> Even in the rare lapses of sunshine there would be a sudden overflowing from the devious roof-gutters, where the rain had been disconsolately roaming for some time in the effort to find a decorous issue, and had, in a fit of temper, abandoned the search.

This is the under-world of English prose.

Mr. Golding has a similarly maddening narrative manner—I am excepting again the Russian chapters, and the account of the financial soarings of Smirnof among other things. This is to proceed by generalised, past indefinite pages which suddenly emerge into climax, to disappear once more into a generalised fog of chortling at his own good humour.

I suppose one should salute a novelist who has Mr. Golding's grasp of a big theme, his gusto and inventiveness, and forget the monotonous struggle with the verbal and narrative undergrowth. One trouble with modern novelists is that they will not take time. He ought to have spent another year on the book.

The Bond is a Russian-Jewish story also. It begins well with an account of how two Jewish students pledged their as yet unborn children to marriage. In old age the parents face the problem of their unnatural vow, for one child is physically deformed and repulsive. The story rapidly goes to pieces after this dramatic opening and drops at times into the preposterous manner of the parish magazine serial. This naive descent is a parallel to the false and gaudy Saturnalia of Mr. Golding's Berlin pages and might provide matter for reflection on the extraordinary collapses in taste and power in Jewish writers, once they are tempted out of their traditions and drift without rudder into an alien environment. Mr. Sorsky's attempt at sophistication is painful. The danger of deducing character from physical traits is illustrated by such passages as:

> the high forehead and its well-brushed hair displayed intellect and discernment.

But *The Travelling Companion* and *Portrait of the Artist's Children*, though more accomplished in manner than either of the two Jewish books, and without their turgidity, are futile in substance. They both deal with artists, which is a bad sign; they are both tenuously charming and whimsical. *The Travelling Companion* is written in the first person, an approach unsuited to nearly all those novels which use it. In a "charming" book the first person is like a port wine-y old bachelor's teardrop on

The Occasional Writer

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every page. Mr. Walker's theme is worth copying out for the use of feminists :

> Indeed, I think most of the tragedies of domestic life are based on the inability of a woman to understand that an abstract idea can be as important to a man as a concrete real flesh and blood woman. She wants the whole of the man, but really she can never get it.

The tragedy of life is that women never learn. Smoothly, insidiously, readably, Mr. Walker endeavours to infect the reader with this most agreeable half-truth. Mr. Charles, who has wit and has done some good work in the past, has become tender and playful about a piffling Chelsea painter, separated from his wife and philandering with his model, who paints a picture of his children and gets £15 for the result. That essentially is the whole story. I wonder why it was written.

V. S. PRITCHETT

POVERTY AND PROGRESS IN LONDON

The New Survey of London Life and Labour. Volumes VI and VII, SURVEY OF SOCIAL CONDITIONS. (II)—THE WESTERN AREA, AND WESTERN AREA MAPS. *King.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

The reading public is already fully aware of the existence and the importance of the *New Survey of London.* Its reputation as a model of scientific social research stands deservedly high. Its statistical methods are unimpeachable and the results are presented with a clarity that is welcome both to the layman and to the expert. Volume VI completes the social survey begun in Volume III, and Volume VII supplies the relevant maps.

It will be remembered that the central theme of the Social Survey is poverty—its causes, its extent, its effects and its geographical distribution. And the Survey was planned in such a way as to allow direct comparison with the results obtained by Charles Booth some forty years before. In some ways this was a hampering restriction, but it was justified, as being the only way to secure a measurement of social progress and social change. If this one enterprise had attempted to answer all questions, investigate all problems and serve all ends, it would never have reached the stage of publication. We must not, therefore, complain if "social" is interpreted as the economist, not as the sociologist, understands it. We must not expect to find in the chapters on the family any more information about the relations between its members than an analysis of their earning-power and their dependence. But if we want facts about the material conditions of the home and the size and make-up of the family that lives in it, we shall find them in plenty, and, whatever we are, whether economist, sociologist, politician or social worker, we shall be grateful.

The general reader will probably find that the chief interest of Volume VI does not lie so much in the comparison it makes between East and West as in the summary it gives for the whole Survey Area and in the special studies contained in Part III. The differences between East and West are mostly those that we should expect, and it is not yet clear how much value can be attached to their accurate measurement. Where they are unexpected they are often difficult to interpret, since many of the factors which may have causal relevance lie outside the scope of the Survey. A comparison of the data for the whole area with the similar data collected by Booth shows that real wages have risen on the average by about 9 per cent., and that the unskilled have gained more than the skilled. The modern curve is not so steep at the bottom as Booth's was, showing that a smaller proportion of the wage-earners are found at the lowest wage levels. The proportion of the population living in poverty has fallen by about 70 per cent. The importance of unemployment, even in 1929, is shown by the fact that the percentage of the working-class population found to be in poverty in a week of full employment was 4.6, while the actual percentage in the week of survey was 9.1. In spite of the great variation in the amount of poverty in different boroughs—Leyton had 1 per cent. working-class families in poverty and Poplar 14.5 per cent.—the Street Survey indicated that poverty has become less concentrated. This is shown very clearly on the coloured maps which constitute Volume VII. Of great interest is the attempt to assess the relative importance of different causes of poverty. Although the percentage of family income paid out in rent rises to 27 per cent. for incomes round 40*s.* in the Western Area, the evidence goes to prove that high rents are not a principal cause of poverty. That is to say, there are comparatively few families living in poverty which would be raised above the poverty line if their rent were reduced to the standard level for their requirements. Cases, also, of families in poverty because the father, though in full employment, could not earn enough to lift them out of it (either because wages were low or children many) were found to be rare. The major causes of poverty appeared to be old age, sickness, and the lack of an adult male wage-earner.

The special studies deal with housing, migration, Jewish life, household economy, and mental deficiency. The housing survey shows that, although much remains to be done, the most congested areas have been cleared and the standard of accommodation is rising. The study of migration reveals that the population of London has become steadily more London-born in the last forty years, as immigration declined and emigration increased. The immigrants, too, are now drawn much less from rural districts and much more from the industrial North and from South Wales. One can get an idea of the great and often wasteful complexity of the movements within the area. Some people move out to live away from their work, while others move out because the work has moved out ahead of them. Others again continue to live in central London and to travel out to their work in the suburban factories, but they are few. The double drain from the residential parts of London may create a serious problem of distribution. The Jews constitute 2.7 per cent. of the population of Greater London, or they did in 1929, and, like the poor, they are becoming less concentrated. Although the percentage of poverty among working-class Jews is higher than in the working classes as a whole, there are fewer earners among their married women and children over fourteen. This is attributed to the Jewish ideal of family life and education. The Jews seem to shun factories, and as domestic trades become mechanised they move to others which still flourish in the workshop. The most striking fact revealed in the chapter on mental deficiency is the very high correlation with poverty. And this is found even when only children under the age of employment are considered, so that it cannot be due to the fact that mental deficiency decreases earning-power. If the boroughs are arranged in ascending order of poverty, it is found that the proportion of mental deficiency

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steadily rises from eighteen per 10,000 to thirty-six. This seems only explicable on the assumption that mental deficiency is inherited in an intermittent and selective way, and that the affected families sink to the bottom of the social scale. The Survey is far from being merely of historical interest. It is of the greatest value to the social reformer and practical administrator.

T. H. MARSHALL

SATIRICAL TALES

Truth is not Sober. By WINIFRED HOLTBY. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.

So many books published every week—every day, perhaps every minute. This horrifying over-production of triviality and rubbish! Why do they do it? But I chanced upon Winifred Holtby's stories and my gloom disappeared. Here is somebody at last, I said, who is both revolutionary and sane: who balances upon her steeple of theory with practised smoothness while her impish eye roves over our empty occasions and our insidious games of scoop and grab. Here is a writer whose artistry matches her intellect, who can say amusingly and obliquely what she has to say, so that when her point is bared all our defences have fallen. Here is that rarity, a propagandist with a sense of humour. Truth is certainly not sober: Winifred Holtby exists. She has divided her stories into four sections of which the "Satiric" are the best. The other categories are comparatively thin; the liaison between journalist and artist in Miss Holtby becomes less perfect when she abandons her steeple for the untheoretical earth. The works show too much, but there is delicate invention in all the stories. "Remember, remember," must be read for its portrait of an indomitably disagreeable step-grandmother pretending she doesn't enjoy fireworks, and "So handy for the fun fair," for its close grip on remembered emotion. The satiric stories are mostly about religion or advertising; "The Voice of God" is a brilliant combination of both topics. In the story which names the book, Truth, who is certainly a wee bit soused, pokes the nose of a "realistic" novelist into fantastic occurrences in Germany, India, China, Abyssinia, Nairobi and New York. Still the realist hedges. "I have never expected foreigners to behave quite normally," he says. Real life is only to be found in Bradford, Leeds, Halifax and, perhaps at a pinch, in Hull. Truth takes up the challenge and shows him a Bradford chemist's wife behaving like an Elizabethan, a curate wrestling with apostasy, a servant girl baptising her illegitimate child before she strangles it. "He showed him outrage and heroism, villainy and honour, self-sacrifice and royal pride, all within five hundred yards of his own writing-desk." The result was a different kind of realism which shocked the novelist's publisher. Miss Holtby's publishers are more stout-hearted; they permit her to make an excellent case for the inebriety of truth.

O. M.

LABOUR AND THE BANKS

The Nationalisation of Banking. By AMBER BLANCO WHITE. *Allen and Unwin.* 1s. 6d.

It is necessary that the active politicians of the Labour Party should give closer attention to the financial side of their constructive policy. For there is some danger that on securing government power they may find themselves committed to a wholesale immediate programme of nationalisation of banking without understanding the risks of such a plunge. Mrs. Blanco White's able booklet is directed to a close consideration of Socialist tactics in a country where the conduct of most business and the supply of capital will still be vested in private hands. While favouring the immediate nationalisation of the Bank of England, under a directorate immediately responsible to a Minister of Finance, on the grounds that "politics and finance overlap and their administration must overlap" (p. 30), she opposes with a strong array of arguments the proposal to take over at the same time the Joint Stock Banks. Such a policy she regards as alike unnecessary and unwise: unnecessary because the National Bank could exercise sufficient control over the wasteful competition, profiteering and defective means of credit and capital to which Joint Stock Banks are prone, while leaving them administrable in their present able and experienced hands; unwise because it is certain that any threat to take them over by a Socialist Government would cause an immediate scare and a sabotage which would bring disaster to the country at the outset of the great experiment.

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Behind the Smoke Screen. By BRIGADIER-GENERAL P. R. C. GROVES. *Faber.* 15s.

The Navy and the Next War. By CAPTAIN BERNARD ACWORTH. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 8s. 6d.

I have ventured to put the authors' arguments in dialogue form. I hope I have understood them; but the subject is fog.

Acworth / *Groves*: It's high time Britain woke up to the wretched state of her defences. This peace-at-any-price business is getting too strong a hold. The trouble is that dust is being deliberately thrown in the eyes of the public—I beg your pardon.

Acworth: I was going to say that Britons don't really believe that peace is got by scrapping arms. They hold as strongly as I do the doctrine of militant Christianity: that war is the last resort against injustice and wrong, and that Britain's arms, and particularly her navy, are more than ever necessary to check the growing naughtiness of the world. But their teeth are beginning to chatter in the fog of the Air Terror. They are being told that the first event of the next war will be the destruction of London. That is a lie.

Groves: When I spoke of fog, I meant the efforts of successive Governments since 1920 to conceal the growing reality of the air menace, and the fact that the navy is powerless against it.

Acworth: And I can prove you wrong. One has only to consider how hard the wind blows in the upper air. The harder it blows the more petrol an aeroplane must carry for a given range: the more petrol the less bombs. And do you know how hard the wind blows? An observation balloon released from Calshot was found to reach a speed of 250 miles per hour. This proves that aircraft are at the mercy of the highly unstable atmosphere. For bombing ranges they can rarely arrive at their destination, and when they do they seldom know where they are and hardly ever hit what they aim at. A warship has never yet been sunk from the air. As for London, the immense German effort in the late war produced a puny result. I admit that in the next war Londoners will suffer some inconvenience. But what are a few bombs or a whiff of mustard gas, if we know that the decision is safely in the hands of our navy? Only it must be a proper navy.

Groves: Good God, you don't want a still bigger one?

Acworth: No. I want a different one. I want to scrap the new-fangled ideas which Fisher introduced thirty years ago. They've ruined our traditional naval strategy, turned our big ships into science museums, and our professional seamen into amateur wireless, torpedo, and gas experts. Do you know what would happen if we had to fight to-morrow?

Groves (grimly): Yes, I think I do.

Acworth: I will show you. (Demonstrates with gloomy satisfaction that we should be swept off the seas by Japan in the Far East, or by a two-power combination at home.)

Groves: And how are you going to remedy that?

Acworth: By stopping this glut of gadgets and getting back to a natural fleet, based on our natural weapon the big gun, run on our natural fuel, which is coal not oil, and manoeuvred according to our natural strategy, which is to protect our food supplies and force the enemy by ruthless blockade into coming out and facing us as early as possible in a good clean sea fight, and no nonsense about it. No more of these colossal tonnages required by the race for the last knot of speed. No more leaving the initiative to the enemy, and skulking around in ships almost too precious to put to sea. No more reliance on oil pipe lines controlled by foreigners. No ship over 10,000 tons, and very few submarines. Cruisers fairly fast; battleships small, numerous, and slow—as slow and reliable as a bulldog. Do you know what would happen if we had to fight to-morrow with my fleet?

Groves (grimly): Yes, I think I do.

Acworth: I will show you. (Demonstrates with joyous satisfaction that we should sweep Japan off the seas, or wipe out a two-power combination at home.)

Groves: Very pretty. I suppose all this time the wretched bombers trying to get at London would be flying backwards over Asia?

Acworth: If the air offensive means degrading barbarity and land operations a shambles, let us thank heaven that we can still be victorious, without ceasing to be gentlemen, on the sea.

Groves: I agree with Acworth about the glut of gadgets. He dislikes experts, scientists, and scientific research so much that he claps them into inverted commas and then runs away from them. The naval exercises he has demonstrated occur in a world which will never return. I say that our troubles arise because we have got the gadgets for good and are too stupid and lazy to learn to use them. If you run over the history of tanks, torpedoes, submarines and air strategy in the late war, what do you find? That the incredible stupidity of the military mind was responsible for the incredible slaughter. At the end of it we were just beginning to realise that three dimensional warfare had turned two dimensional strategy upside down. Since then the war of areas, what Acworth calls the Air Terror, has got a firm hold in Europe as a successor to the war of fronts. Here it is opposed by military conservatism, departmental jealousy, and political ineptitude. We ended the war supreme in the air; we have now a fifth-rate air force; and the smallness of our civil air services worsens our position.

Acworth: Come, get down to brass tacks.

Groves: The first brass tack is this. Draw a circle of 500 miles radius round London, and you get the present range of large bomb loads, allowing for wind. It is certain that bombs will be bigger and more destructive than anything used in 1914–18, and that within that circle there are now aircraft capable of dropping as large a bomb-load on London in one day as it received during the whole of the war. The second brass tack is this. Erect a perpendicular 4 miles high on the London area and you get a volume of over 3,000 cubic miles. To look for bombers in that is as difficult as to find a needle in a haystack. In weather favourable for defence you may do something with anti-aircraft and interceptor fighters. In suitable raiding weather you haven't a chance. The only remedy is a bombing force at least equal to those within striking distance. Defence as we used to know it is impossible. But we can at least prepare to give as good as we get, in the hope that we shall thereby get nothing.

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Acworth : In other words, unlimited hooliganism.

Groves : As you will. We all know where gentlemanly conduct ends in war.

Acworth : I still maintain that if the navy does its job all this is panic.

Groves : The navy can't do its job. On the High Seas perhaps, but in narrow seas and places where they blockade it must look for trouble from above. Acworth says a bomber never yet hit a warship. You don't have to hit it. The Americans have proved that you can blow a dreadnought out of the water by a near miss from a big bomb. What is the good of convoy protection of trade against ocean-going submarines if at the vital point, when the ships must disperse to port, the bombers are waiting for you? No, we may regret the good old days of "natural" strategy, but we can't recall them. A strong air force is our best defence. It is also our best chance of peace. I don't want to turn my back on Europe. I want to work for peace there. But fair words and pacifist gestures butter no European parsnips. Britain's stock in Europe to-day is lower than ever it was. In my view, European settlement can only come through the slow growth of the idea of collective force, and Britain cannot take a hand in that until she has force—which means air force—in her hand.

Voice from the Public Gallery : Begging your pardon, I've listened to you genelmen and if it's like that then wot I says is, Scrap these aeroplanes all round, and I don't see much use in the navy either.

Acworth / *Groves* } Another of these misguided pacifists. Too bad!

BARRINGTON GATES

MARY STUART: THE LAST SCENE

End and Beginning. By JOHN MASEFIELD. *Heinemann.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

There has always been a kind of anonymity in Mr. Masefield's work, recalling the English ballads and the less exuberant early dramatists : a disposition to attend to subject and basic rhythm, and after that to leave the poem alone. To be simple in this way is in itself, no doubt, rather a negative achievement,

> And you must love it, ere to you
> It will seem worthy of your love.

Yet it *is* lovable, to-day, perhaps, more than ever. This dramatic poem, or interlude, of the death of Mary Stuart leans very much on it, has, in fact, almost no other charm. It is a quiet, rather tired little work. There is no action ; Elizabeth's officers awaken Mary with the news that she must die next morning ; she prepares for death ; she is led out to execution. Mary, the one personage named, is a blameless victim wholly absorbed in dying with dignity ; the most human and only lively passage is the soliloquy of her gaoler congratulating himself on his release.

> Elizabeth will do the deed herself
> Mary will die this morning . . .
> O me what utter joy : some little trouble
> Perhaps in sending off her foreign servants,
> Then peace at last.

The blank verse is stiff-jointed and quite unadorned.

> When I am gone, be constant in religion,
> Love one another, and, for my sake, cease
> Your little quarrels and your jealousies,
> And live in Christian amity together
> Which will be easier, now that one has gone
> Who used to sow dissension in the household.

This plainness glides rather easily into the ludicrous, as when the Officer says the block is ready, "all covered decently with cheap black cloth"—or replies, to a complaint that it is cruel to prevent Mary's women from attending her : "Cruel or not, you'll find it is the case." When the Noble appears inclined to yield this point, he objects farther :

> These will but scream and swoon and cause disturbance,
> And put the headsman off his stroke belike.

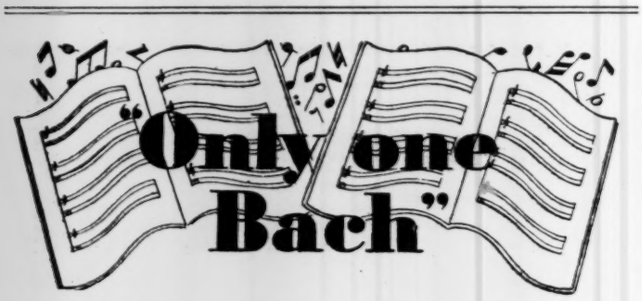
It is easy to see what was aimed at, but still the effect recalls Savonarola Brown. The lyric element is slight ; a night scene near the beginning—

> (The owls hoot and the foxes bark ;
> The sick man's candle shocks the dark)—

and during the execution a Spirit of Beauty who fills in the time with one of this poet's customary soothing glimpses of the external world. Then the Noble re-enters and describes the death-scene, and last of all the Spirit of Mary enters on the darkened stage.

> How soon the bitternesses cease :
> This little minute from release
> Has made them end.
> In my beginning there is peace . . .

No one with a taste for this quiet manner, prosaic if you like, but dignified by the subject and sympathetic in its entire unpretentiousness, will find much to say against *End and Beginning*, slight and stiff though it is and undeniably lacking in vitality.



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GRAMOPHONE NOTES

I HAVE never been among those who regard Sir Thomas Beecham primarily as a Mozart conductor. To me he excels in that period of music which, beginning with Berlioz, comes to rather a messy end with Strauss, and I have often wished that Sir Thomas would infuse more of the daemonic Berlioz spirit into his Mozart conducting. Instead, he is inclined to emphasise the periwig at the expense of the head inside, to give us the champagne parties but not the melancholy from which they were an escape. This is excellent in a minor work like the *Paris* symphony but hardly satisfactory in the *Prague* and G minor symphonies. After hearing the records he has made of the *Jupiter* symphony, however, I am inclined to recant. The *Jupiter* is in some ways the most intellectual of Mozart's works ; that is to say, the fugal writing in the finale is a purely musical conflict unaccompanied by the Beethoven-like storm and stress which is foreshadowed in the first movement of the *Prague* symphony and the fugue for two pianos. It would be as fatal to over-romanticise this work as it would be to treat it as a pretty period piece. Sir Thomas has done neither, but has matched the fire, energy and precision of its thought with fire, energy and precision of interpretation. Some may find his reading too highly coloured, but there is no occasion when this colour is imposed on the work; on the contrary, it is merely the full expression

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HAMISH HAMILTON: PUBLISHER

of what lies in the score already. Both playing and recording are brilliant. (Columbia four 12in. LX282–5 L.P.O. under Sir Thomas Beecham. On the last side a delightful Saraband and Tambourine of Handel (from *Alcina*) arranged by Beecham.)

Unless I am mistaken, the Kolisch Quartet have not recorded in England before, and their playing of Schubert's A minor quartet, Op. 29, should establish even more firmly the reputation which is already theirs in the concert-hall. This poetic and intimate quartet is among the most personal of Schubert's works, and what in other works seem weaknesses, here seem only charming idiosyncrasies. (Columbia four 12in. in album LX286–289 with, on the last side, an excellent foil to this study in half-tones in the shape of the tempestuous Quartet Satz in C minor.)

Is it too much to hope that, encouraged by the recent success of *Wozzeck*, one of the gramophone companies will get the Kolisch Quartet to record their magnificent performance of Berg's Lyric Suite?

To go from the fresh spontaneity of Schubert's quartet to the laboured and chilly neo-classicism of Stravinsky's *Duo Concertante* is a painful process. Not having read the composer's *pronunciamento* I am unable to say (from the horse's mouth, that is) whether this work is "like" Mozart, Bach, or Corelli, though I suspect the composer of retreating still farther in his search for ultimate purity.

The suite is chiefly of interest as an attempt to solve the trying problem of violin and piano together. On the whole, Stravinsky deals with this oil and vinegar question by putting the oil and vinegar in separate bottles, as in the Cantilena, where the fiddle part consists of sustained double stopping and the piano part of brittle *toccata* work. This, however, is more an evasion of the problem than a solution.

The Dithyrambe has a certain dignity, but the garrulous Gigue is an example of Stravinsky's synthetic methods at their worst. The melodic line consists almost entirely of passage work and *remplissage* of a type that eighteenth-century composers used as a convenient method of getting from one tune to another when they couldn't think of anything better. A more complete confusion of means and end not even Stravinsky has provided. (Columbia. Dushkin and the composer, two 10in. LB 12–13, containing the Eclogue, Cantilène and Dithyrambe, one 12in. LX 290 with the Gigue on one side and, a little unwisely, two fragments from *Pulcinella* on the other.)

Cortot's recording of the twenty-four Preludes of Chopin is so brilliant on the whole that the occasional imperfections of playing and recording, though irritating, do not seriously matter. There is a tendency in the slower numbers for the tune to be set in too great relief against the background, with a consequent fuzzing of detail (left hand in No. 2, right hand in No. 6). The intention is obviously to emphasise the Bellini-like relation between theme and accompaniment and in the concert-hall would probably be effective—it is too risky, though, for the gramophone.

In those numbers where there is a cross rhythm against the written grouping, there is a tendency to lose the original grouping altogether; thus, in No. 11, I doubt if anyone ignorant of this piece would realise until the last bars that it was written in six-eight time. The most successful are the *toccata*-like numbers such as 8 and 19, which could not be bettered. Taken all round, though, this album is a good piece of work, well recorded, and it is doubtful if any other pianist, except perhaps Horovitz, would have managed the job so well. (H.M.V. four 12in. in album DB 2015–8.)

With so much good Russian music unrecorded it is a pity that Sir Landon Ronald should have chosen an arrangement rather than an original work by Glazunoff. Purists will object to the very opulent scoring of *Chopiniana*, but the Slavonic methods are to some extent justified by the three pieces chosen, the Op. 40 No. 1 Polonaise, the Op. 15 No. 1 Nocturne (which would sound better on the French horn than it does on the German), and the Tarentelle, the most successful of the three. (H.M.V. two 12in. C 2638–9. The L.P.O.)

Of the lighter records the best is Ellington's *Daybreak Express*, an amusing piece of realism which leaves *Pacific* 231 at the post. It is to be noticed that Ellington with great judgment slows down when he reaches the terminus, whereas Honegger's finale can only be construed as an untimely crash into the buffers. (H.M.V. 10in. B 6468. *Dear Old Southland* on the other side.)

* * *

From the H.M.V. Connoisseurs' List.

Elizabeth Maconchy's Oboe Quintet (two 10in. B 4448–9, Helen Gaskell and Griller Quartet). An austere but not unattractive work by one of the most interesting of the youngest generation of English composers.

It is a pity that Miss Maconchy is so determined not to allow feminine charm to come into the picture.

Elgar. *Froissart* overture, Op. 19 (2 12 in. DB 1938–9, The L.P.O. under the composer). A rarely heard early work in which it is interesting to see the Elgarian *nobilmente* manner and flamboyant scoring piercing its way through the reminiscences of Weber and Wagner. Elegy for strings, Op. 58, on the fourth side.

Dijon Cathedral Choir in a *cappella* music. Rather a disappointing series, but in spite of some vocal imperfections the magnificent Kyrie from Vittoria's *Orbis Factor*, with its alternation of four-part writing and plain chant, is well worth getting. (DB 4894.)

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Week-end Competitions

Number 212

Set by Ernest Betts

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for "A Curse on Modern Times," not more than 200 words in length, similar to the curse ("for tying these knots") in *Tristram Shandy*. A Latin version is not essential.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Queen St., W.C.2. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, April 13th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION 210

Set by Humbert Wolfe

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an ideal B.B.C. programme for the following occasions:

(i) A meeting of the Cabinet to discuss disarmament;
(ii) A mothers' meeting;
(iii) The long postponed meeting between East and West; and
(iv) A shareholders' meeting, summoned to consider a deficit of £2,000,000.

Report by Humbert Wolfe

The setter of the competition much regrets that it was apparently of a character to stifle all reasonable attempts to deal with it. The entries must have been the fewest on record and, with the exception of H. C. M.'s serious attempt, were without a spark of wit or comprehension of the possibilities. Thanks are offered to Miss Marion Peacock for a neat poem, commenting on the errors of the Setter's ways. No prize is awarded.

TO A POET

(who sets us a mouldy Problem to solve when we should be praising the Spring)

Must we do this?
While from the throat of day
Pours out
Spring's roundelay,
And very early buds
Candid and fair
Flute innocence
Upon the air?
Must we abide
When, like a challenge comes
The roll of mating blackbirds'
Little drums?
No, Poet, no. I shall
Not dare ignore
So grave a thing as Spring,
Lest Spring come
Nevermore!

MARION PEACOCK

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 67.—LIVING CHESS

A game of living chess has been organised for charity, and our village has undertaken to supply the white pieces. The following constitute the team.

Mr. King, Mr. Queen, Mr. and Mrs. Rook, Mr. and Mrs. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Knight (pieces); Kittie King, Quentin Queen, Ralph and Rachel Rook, Bertie and Belinda Bishop, Kenneth and Kathleen Knight (pawns).

None of these has been assigned a position appropriate to his or her name. Thus, Mr. Queen is not at Queen's square; nor is Ralph Rook at KR2 or QR2.

When I tried to find out how the players are placed at the beginning of the game, I was given the following information:

Kathleen stands two places to the left of Rachel. Belinda is a Knight's move from Mr. Rook. Mrs. Bishop is a Knight's move from her niece. Ralph is a Knight's move from Mrs. Knight. Mr. and Mrs. Knight stand side by side, so do Mr. and Mrs. Bishop. Kenneth is a Knight's move from his father. Mr. Queen, who is a Knight's move from Ralph, has a little girl in front of him. Bertie is a Knight's move from Mrs. Rook, who stands next to her sister. Mr. Rook is a Knight's move from Quentin. Ralph has a girl at his right hand; Belinda has a boy at hers.

State (or show diagrammatically) how the sixteen players are placed.

PROBLEM 65

The solution is naturally held over till next week, when it will appear together with that of Problem 66. No competitor has solved this problem yet.

PROBLEM 64

A set of Low's cartoons goes to R. Kissock, Lipwood, Windermere. There were nineteen correct and thirteen incorrect solutions.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the first sender of a correct solution.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points, a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150.

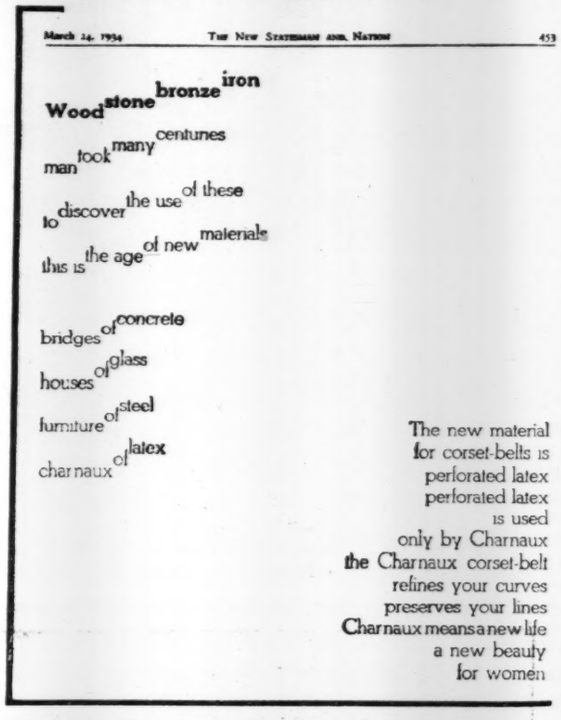
Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN

A competition for 'New Statesman' readers with a prize of 10 guineas

The advertisement below appeared as a full page in the "New Statesman" on the 24th March.


March 24, 1934 THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION 453
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to discover the use of these
this is the age of new materials
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houses of glass
furniture of steel
charnaux of latex
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perforated latex is used only by Charnaux
the Charnaux corset-belt refines your curves
preserves your lines
Charnaux means a new life a new beauty for women

On the 29th March in the "Advertiser's Weekly" the following criticism appeared:—

"It is the complaint of the weekly reviews that advertisers will not take the trouble to insert in these publications copy specially written to interest educated and discriminating readers. Let Charnaux . . . however, be credited with the best intentions of doing so. 'The New Statesman and Nation' (etc., etc.) this week carried a full-page advertisement for Charnaux corsets, which was obviously designed deliberately to appeal to the 'intellectual.' But type fantastically stepped up, word by word, a vast area of white space and a semi-literary copy approach are not, I should judge, the right appeal for the women readers of the 'New Statesman,' whose interests are rather political and economic than artistic."

The Charnaux Patent Corset Co., Ltd., will give a prize of ten guineas for the best commentary in any style or form on the above criticism.

RULES:—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the words "Charnaux Competition" on the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to: Charnaux, c/o The Publisher, 10, Gt. Queen Street, W.C.2. Entries must be received by first post on Tuesday, April 17th.

2. The judge of the competition will be the General Manager of "The New Statesman and Nation," whose decision will be final.

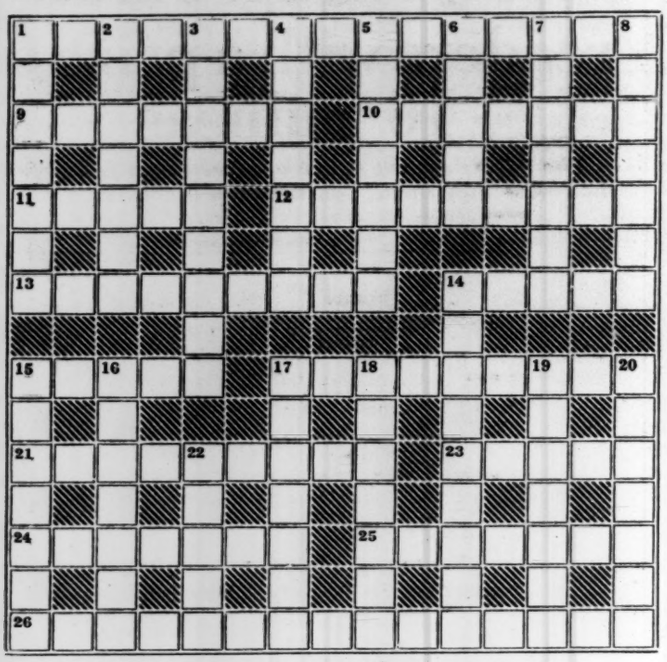
3. The result of the competition will be announced in the "New Statesman" on the 27th April.

A knowledge of Charnaux will obviously help competitors but is not obligatory. Any fashion store will show and/or sell you a Charnaux.

THE CHARNAUX PATENT CORSET CO., LTD., 27, RIDINGHOUSE ST., W.1.

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 213

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Queen Street, W.C.2, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L.-S.

LAST WEEK'S WINNER

The winner of last week's crossword is Mr. R. A. L. Roper, 5 Regent St., Cambridge.

ACROSS

1. Chief industry of Geneva.
9. How the troops are shown off.
10. Some are professional first-nighters.
11. Often the tomb of prehistoric lepidoptera.
12. See 17 across.
13. Damage.
14. "Whoso — him round with dismal stories."
15. Pace of the pad seen in a lady's mirror.
17. 12 doctor who, for all his charms, would hardly have been called in by Hitler.
21. Figures on a coin appear in it.
23. "The dead man's — Is there scarce ask'd for who."
24. Useful disability for a skunk hunter.
25. A little air for the coster's wife on 'Ampstead 'Eath?
26. Clean-toed I enter into an understanding.

DOWN

1. Appropriate country for Gideon's 300 men.
2. His feet being winged no doubt helps his feats.
3. Sap.
4. Cricket stroke.
5. Suitable dye for producing blood oranges.
6. Quick time for doing in.
7. Beginnings of Darwin's researches.
8. And what his conclusions were to the orthodox.
14. Cause of a regrettable accident to a maid's face.
15. The rottenest throw.
16. A double wrong herbally.
17. Variable cause of invariable complaint.
18. Animal always to be found on Lake Erie.
19. King Log suffered from this.
20. Tax for a lofty period.
22. Christian name of one who finds a coloured shirt offensive.

M	A	R	I	N	E	R	S	C	O	M	P	A	S	S
A	■	U	■	O	■	A	■	U	■	A	■	P	■	T
C	O	C	K	T	A	I	L	S	■	C	U	R	S	E
B	■	H	■	A	■	L	■	T	■	A	■	I	■	P
E	V	E	N	T	■	W	O	O	D	W	A	L	E	S
T	■	■	■	H	■	A	■	S	■	■	■	F	■	O
H	A	R	M	O	N	Y	■	R	A	N	G	O	O	N
■	■	E	■	M	■	D	■	O	■	U	■	O	■	■
P	O	M	P	E	I	I	■	T	U	M	U	L	U	S
S	■	B	■	■	■	V	■	U	■	E	■	■	■	L
C	U	R	S	O	R	I	A	L	■	R	A	I	S	E
H	■	A	■	G	■	D	■	O	■	I	■	N	■	D
E	N	N	U	I	■	E	N	R	I	C	H	I	N	G
N	■	D	■	V	■	N	■	U	■	A	■	G	■	E
T	A	T	T	E	R	D	E	M	A	L	I	O	N	S

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INTRODUCTION TO EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ÆSTHETIC
SENATOR B. CROCE
ARISTOTLE'S DEFINITION OF MORAL VIRTUE, AND PLATO'S ACCOUNT OF JUSTICE IN THE SOUL
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